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CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, the son of John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States, and grandson of John Adams, the second President, was born in Boston, on the 18th of August, 1807. This was on the eve of his father's appointment to the office of minister to Russia, and, when only two years of age, he was taken to St. Petersburg, to pass there the next six years of his life. The foundation of his excellent knowledge of European languages was laid during that part of his childhood spent in the Russian capital, and he learned to speak Russian, French, and German. In 1815, during the month of February, his mother, taking him with her, started from St. Petersburg to make the difficult and almost hazardous journey to Paris in her own carriage, to meet her husband in the latter city. Soon after, when the father was made minister to England, his son accompanied him, and remained for some time at an English school; but, in 1817, he returned to Boston, after eight years of absence, and entered the Latin School, the worthy nursery of so many men who have done the country good service. He was only eighteen. His father, who had now become President of the United States, kept him for the next two years in Washington, and then sent him again to Massachusetts to study the law. He was placed in the office of Daniel Webster, and, after a year spent there in hard work at professional studies, he was admitted to the bar in 1828. A year after this he married the daughter of Peter C. Brooks, the wealthiest citizen of Boston.

Mr. Adams soon became engaged in politics. His first office was that of a representative in the Massachusetts Legislature. He declined the nomination when it was first offered him, in 1830; but, at the earnest request of his father, he accepted it on a renewal of the offer next year. He held the post from 1831 to 1834. He was a member of the Whig party, and had from them at this time a most cordial support, which they manifested, after the expiration of his third term as rep-

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.



He entered Harvard at an age now un-
heard of among the students of that vener-
able institution, graduating in 1825, when
representative, by electing him to the State Sen-
ate for two successive terms. A few years
later he was again elected to the Legis-

lature, once as a senator, and once or twice as a representative. All these elections were made by the Whig party, which was then dominant in Massachusetts, and of which Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, and other eminent men, were the acknowledged leaders.

Gradually, however, after the defeat of Henry Clay as candidate for President in 1844, a powerful section of the Whig party of Massachusetts became dissatisfied with their position, and, assuming or accepting the name of Conscience Whigs, took an attitude of protest against the extension of slavery. The most conspicuous of the leaders of this section was Mr. Adams, and among the many able and influential men associated with him were Henry Wilson, Charles Sumner, Charles Allen, John G. Palfrey, Horace Mann, and Anson Burlingame. To promote their views, a newspaper was established in Boston by Mr. Adams, of which he was chief proprietor, and, for some years, the editor.

Mr. Adams's position at this period on the slavery question may be gathered from his votes and speeches as a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. In 1842 he voted and spoke eloquently in favor of repealing the law which forbade the intermarriage of blacks and whites; in 1845 he was chairman of the committee to whom was referred the question of the imprisonment of colored seamen in Southern ports, on which he wrote a powerful report sustaining the views of the abolitionists; and in the same year he took a leading part in the opposition to the annexation of Texas. He presided at a great meeting in Faneuil Hall, called to oppose the admission of Texas as a slave State, at which speeches were made by Mr. Sumner, Mr. Garrison, and Mr. Wendell Phillips.

In 1848 the antislavery movement in the Whig party was brought to a crisis by the nomination of General Taylor, a slaveholder, for President. Mr. Adams, in common with Mr. Wilson, Mr. Sumner, and other prominent men, bolted from that nomination, and organized the Free-soil party. That party, in combination with the Liberty party, the New-York Barnburners, or antislavery Democrats, and in general with all the political opponents of slavery or its extension, assembled in convention at Buffalo, in 1848, and nominated ex-President Martin Van Buren for President, and Charles Francis Adams for Vice-President.

These candidates did not receive a single electoral vote, though their popular vote amounted to nearly three hundred thousand, chiefly in New England, New York, and Ohio.

Ten years of comparative quiet ensued for Mr. Adams—in political matters, at least, though he was constantly an earnest worker for the party with which he so fully agreed. In 1858, however, he was elected a representative to Congress from the third district of Massachusetts. He entered the House at a most exciting moment—during the hardest throes of the struggle that preceded the civil war. His attitude was a firm one, though he at first spoke little, and filled positions which, in name, were aside from the stormier current of public affairs—he was the chairman of the Committee on Manufactures, and a mem-

ber of that on the Library. His first important speech, however, in May, 1860, showed how thoroughly his heart was in the conflict occupying the whole thought of the House and the country. It was a clear and vigorous analysis and defence of the opinions of himself and his Republican colleagues, and a fearless declaration of the certainty of their victory.

From this time he devoted himself even more earnestly to political affairs than before, and aided with energy the struggle for the election of Lincoln—assisting in the canvass of the Western States, where he spoke repeatedly in support of the views he had so ably defended in Congress.

The second session of Mr. Adams's term in the House was the stormy and eventful one of the winter of 1860-'61; the country was all aroused at the attitude of the South, and the Capitol a scene of debates, in which those who kept cool heads were marked exceptions among the body of men swayed by the great passion of the hour. Among these exceptions Mr. Adams was prominent. His vote was thrown several times, during this session, it is true, in a way to indicate opinions of a more conservative character than that approved by the majority of his party—as when he voted for the bill admitting New Mexico, while leaving to the inhabitants the question of slavery in their borders—a measure promptly defeated even then in the House. But he voted according to the principles he had deduced from his own study of the subjects in hand; and, to make use of an apparent paradox, he was perhaps entitled to more personal credit for voting mistakenly, as the result of sincere thought, than were many who went with the right without consideration, and merely because it happened to be the side of "the party."

The most arduous duty of Mr. Adams's career was now near at hand, and no man was better prepared for it. In 1861, in the very beginning of the war, Mr. Lincoln appointed him minister to England. He sailed for his post at once, and arrived in London in May, to find himself in a position of the greatest difficulty, and requiring firmness, tact, vigilance, and ability, such as few diplomatic missions have required before or since.

The intense feeling against the United States Government, which prevailed throughout England, was scarcely concealed even among those whom Mr. Adams was obliged to meet in the discharge of his diplomatic duties. A single instance of lack of firmness on his part would have been taken advantage of with eager readiness, and used against his country. Any expression of anger or lapse from those friendly relations so difficult, under such circumstances, to maintain, would have been still more injurious both to his government and himself. Under these most trying conditions Mr. Adams displayed remarkable tact and skill, and a demeanor in his diplomatic relations in which neither friends nor enemies could find matter for reproach. Want of space forbids our giving the details of the many situations in which his patience and coolness were taxed to the utmost, yet without his being led into any error. The volumes of the diplomatic correspondence

bear witness to the ability and judgment of his dispatches, and to the dignity of his intercourse with the English Foreign Office. This mission has been the most arduous, as it has been the most ably accomplished and the most worthily famous task of Mr. Adams's life. He remained in England until 1868.

His later connection with public affairs has almost entirely grown out of this well-accomplished diplomatic duty; for, since his return to America, he has taken no part in politics at home, but has devoted his time to matters connected with international law. In December, 1870, he delivered an address upon American neutrality before the New-York Historical Society, at their request. It was printed by their order.

When, by the terms of the Treaty of Washington, it was decided to submit the Alabama and kindred claims to arbitration at Geneva, Mr. Adams was unhesitatingly selected as the arbitrator to be appointed on the part of America. His discharge of that duty is too fresh in the minds of all to need recounting here.

Mr. Adams has devoted much of his time to literary labor. He has edited the writings of his grandfather, the second President, and prefixed to the edition an elaborate biography. He has contributed frequent essays to the *North American Review* and other periodicals. In all that he has undertaken he has displayed the same thorough scholarship and marked ability which have distinguished his political career. We have only space to add that, in personal appearance and manners, he is strikingly like his illustrious father, and still more illustrious grandfather; and that he has three sons already distinguished for talent and aptitude for public affairs, by whom the hereditary reputation of the Adams family for ability is likely to be well maintained.

HER BROTHER'S TUTOR.

"I SHA'N'T have any Xenophon ready for to-morrow," states Mr. Folke Fortescue, with fifteen-year-old majesty. "And for a very good reason."

It is Folke's study-hour, and Folke has no business to talk. Mr. Gorme, his tutor, seated at an opposite end of the room, adheres answerlessly to his newspaper. He has persuaded himself that total disregard is the only way of doing the slimmest damage to his pupil's immense loquacity.

"Sister Grisell is coming home this evening," pursues Folke, narrowly observant of his tutor, to detect the vaguest sign of curiosity in the matter of hearing more. "I didn't know any thing about it till this morning. Wasn't it mean of father not to tell me? He didn't want my mind taken off my studies. Sweet excuse!"

Silence on the part of Mr. Gorme, while Folke relapses into the classic pages for which he has a pronounced loathing, with a certain conviction in his mind that Mr. Gorme cannot be curious about any thing.

Meanwhile, Mr. Gorme is very curious indeed, without showing it. He has been with the Fortescues, father and son, during half May and all June, and in that time has heard

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many fond allusions to the absent daughter of the house. Now she is having a superb time with the Somebody at such-and-such a place; again, her quarters have changed, and she has gone among fresh friends and entertainers new. Magisterial Mr. Fortescue always gets down from his pedestal, and pulls in his august horns, and turns a shade more human generally, when he mentions "my daughter Grisell."

Besides all this, Mr. Gorme has seen a portrait of the young lady that hangs in her father's study here at Longshore. Her father has told him it is absurdly like. He doubts if it is like, for his own part. He believes that the women with lily-white skins, great, full throats, small heads, whose profuse auburn hair waves crisply, and with limpid eyes the color of turquoise, do not, as a rule, exist outside of artists' dreams and poets' fine frenzies.

While he sits here in the school-room, seeming to the mind of poor Folke so complete a jelly-fish of indifference, he cannot help wishing that Mr. Fortescue had spoken a few words that morning relative to his daughter's expected return. Hitherto Folke and himself have breakfasted and dined with the master of the house; but, doubtless, that arrangement will be unpleasant to its young mistress, who will probably entertain many friends at Longshore during the remainder of the summer; Mr. Gorme has heard Folke say that she is a great favorite with lots of people.

"You may come and take a walk with me if you like," he tells Folke, when study-hours are over. "I am going down to the marble-rock."

"And I am going to drive the ponies down to the station for father and Grisell," announces Folke. "They are coming in the half-past six."

Mr. Gorme speaks with a kind of unwilling firmness. "The ponies are not very safe, Folke. I can't let you drive them unless your father gave you permission."

"Which he did do, if you please," cries Folke, with the air of one who produces a trump-card to his opponent's huge discomfiture.

Mr. Gorme is only too glad, as he tells himself, while starting on his walk, that the trump-card has been played. He dislikes every thing which flavors in the least of pedagogic opposition to Folke's wishes; dislikes even the privilege of possible control; dislikes all that relates to his tutorship, except the Latin and Greek, which he is paid for driving into that handsome blond head so bitterly against its owner's will. And even the Latin and the Greek have meagre charm for him, since he is dead tired of Virgil, fine as he thinks it; and the recurrent intelligence how many *stadia* per day marched the army of King Cyrus, fails keenly to interest his scholarly tastes.

Mr. Gorme leaves behind him the great, gray-stone house, and passes downward through its woody, trim-swarded grounds to the sea. The marble-rock glimmers whitely from multitudes of others that, in noblest tumult of picturesqueness, edge this beautiful, heavy-foliaged shore. He perches him-

self upon the marble-rock, produces a vast meerschaum, and, while smoking it, lets himself passionately enjoy the murmur, the color, the brilliance of this exquisite afternoon beside the sea.

But the enjoyment does not last long; for a certain nameless discontent draws him away from this happy lotus-feast, and makes its luscious viands unpalatable. Nameless he might deceive himself by calling it, but really not nameless at all—really, an angry regret that Miss Grisell Fortescue is coming to Longshore. Until now, he has almost felt, at times, as though this delightful pleasure-land were his own. When freed from his duties with Folke, he could wander where he listed, smoking in the summer-house, writing in the library from the great, bronze family-instand itself, scattering his books about the sitting-room, and altogether behaving with a sort of wild proprietorship by no means unwelcome. The coming woman must put an end to all this. Until now he has "but fed on the roses, and lain in the lilies" of tutorship. He is going to be taught his place. "Or, rather, I am going to learn it without the teaching," he suddenly mutters, while he rises from the rock.

After that, he goes home. It is about six o'clock as he enters the house. Folke has said that they are coming in the half-past six train. He supposes one ought to dress. He may be sent for after the servants have paid their respects (thinking this thought with a little satiric smile edging his lips).

He dresses. The operation is rather laborious, for the reason that he has made no elaborate toilet since he came to Longshore, contenting himself with loosely-comfortable summer clothes, not to specify irresponsible neck-ties. A short, curly, chestnut beard, the growth of the past two months, is made to suffer rigid inspection. He concludes that it is mature enough not to exterminate with a razor—and rather becoming, he also cannot help but conclude.

Going down-stairs, he meets Folke in the hall. Sister Grisell has come, he is informed. Sister Grisell is dressing for dinner, Folke further volunteers. Mr. Gorme walks library-ward, gets a book from one of the many book-cases, and tries therein to absorb himself. Presently he throws the book aside, rises, and re-enters the hall, wanting to find Folke, and ask him how it is to be about dinner. Folke must know, and surely it were far better if he himself should know as well a little while beforehand.

He has almost reached the library thresh-old when something makes him pause. That something is his own name, in lips feminine.

"Gorme—oh, yes; I remember you wrote me when he came."

Lips masculine take up the dialogue.

"A quite nice sort of person. Not over twenty-three, I should suppose, and good-looking. He'd only been out of Harvard a few weeks when I took him. I really think Folke improves rapidly under his charge."

"Twenty-three," is the reply. "That seems horribly young for a tutor."

Silence. Mr. Gorme waits a little while, then he appears in the hall. Mr. Fortescue and his daughter are both standing in the

door-way looking out upon the lawn, now. Mr. Fortescue hears Mr. Gorme's step on the resonant hall-tilings. He nods with great cordiality—the sort of cordiality that has wrung an inward groan from his son's tutor many times before now: a language in which Mr. Fortescue endeavors to make it evident how civil he really can be to Tom, to Dick, or to Harry, notwithstanding whole gulfs of worldly and social difference.

But Mr. Fortescue attempts nothing more than this beaming nod; he turns his head immediately away and goes on talking with his daughter.

Mr. Gorme, however, persists in coming forward. Since the introduction must take place, it had best be gotten over as soon as possible. He draws nearer, nearer, and finally is near enough to touch Mr. Fortescue's shoulder if he so desires.

"Has it been warm in the city to-day, sir?" he wants to know, a little awkwardly.

Father and daughter both face him, at this. Yes, he sees now that the portrait was right. She has the same pure-colored, amber-haired beauty the painter gave her.

"Exceedingly warm," Mr. Fortescue responds, a trifle stiffly. Grisell is a thing so supremely precious in his parental eyes that for Mr. Gorme thus boldly to approach her, without a shade of encouragement, seems a kind of mild sacrilege.

"I think we nearly always have a breeze here at Longshore," comments Miss Fortescue, addressing her father. She has just been staring at Mr. Gorme with immense boldness during the past three or four seconds; and he is devoured with silent rage that Mr. Fortescue should delay the introduction even as long as that gentleman has already done.

But he is angrier still when he finds himself presented in the following manner:

"Grisell, this is the Mr. Gorme about whom I was telling you. Folke's tutor, you know."

Miss Fortescue looks perfectly uninterested behind just the ghost of a smile. She bows with considerable courtesy, however. As for Mr. Gorme, concealed fury at this mode of introduction nearly takes from him the physical power to acknowledge it.

"I suppose you find Folke very troublesome," the young lady remarks, looking lawn-ward, as though she did not much care about an answer.

"He is very troublesome at times," states Mr. Gorme.

Both father and daughter look round with astonished faces. Mr. Gorme goes on, inscrutably:

"I rarely have known a boy who was not."

Mr. Fortescue coughs his magisterial best, and walks toward the dining-room. The beautiful Grisell lingers. She is staring at Mr. Gorme, and Mr. Gorme pretends that he does not observe the impertinence, because of some difficulty with a seal-ring on one of his fingers.

But Grisell means no impertinence. She has been petted and spoiled all her life by her father, by her mother, who died seven years ago, and by scores of fashionable relations. She has never really been taught man-

nera. Nobody in the circle where her child-like beauty charmed, and where her womanly beauty has dazzled, ever has seemed to require more of her than that she shall be graceful, amiable, beautiful. Her word has been law, and her social sway a kind of absolute monarchy tempered with fascination. Among her worshippers she is enchanting. With one whom, as in the case of Mr. Gorme, she vaguely takes it for granted that he is a sort of inferior—with a person whom she has never seen or heard of before as being socially "anybody," and whom her friends do not know or care to know—the huge fault in Miss Fortescue's breeding becomes keenly apparent. She is not a snob. She would shrink from showing this Mr. Gorme that she believed herself at all his better; but it never occurs to her that he has a claim upon her pretended interest, even if she cannot possibly give him more; and that because he has suddenly surprised her out of her indifference by an unexpected sentence or two, the very barrier between their positions here in her father's house makes a pronounced rudeness of what, toward one of her own friends, might easily be pardoned.

His butler meets Mr. Fortescue at the dining-room threshold, announcing dinner. "Grisell," calls her father, rather grandly, "dinner is served, my dear;" and himself enters the dining-room. Mr. Gorme looks the picture of tranquillity, but feels like any thing else. Just as the beautiful Grisell is moving away, he concludes to take the bull by the horns.

"Pray excuse me, Miss Fortescue," he murmurs, "but have you heard whether I am to occupy the family table in the future? I have received no instructions on this point."

She looks astonished again and a trifle confused. "You have always done so until to-day, have you not?" she questions.

"Yea."

Up go her straight, auburn eyebrows.

"And may I inquire of you why my own arrival should alter such an arrangement?"

"I did not make the matter one of close analysis," he gently responds; and then adds, with a quiet smile: "doubtless there is no reason for my supposition half good enough to satisfy you."

His quietude of manner somehow irritates her. It dimly flashes through her mind that nothing in her appearance impresses him; that there is some far-away sweetheart, perhaps, who forms his ideal of feminine loveliness, and is her dead opposite. She hardly knows that she thinks this thought; and yet his coolly courteous treatment gives birth to it. In the matter of not showing marked admiration from the first moment his eyes rest upon her, he is a man of men. If he had deluged her with every thing saccharine in the way of civilities, she would have thought nothing strange of it. All men more or less kneel to her. She has grown to mark such genuflections only by missing them. She missed them in Mr. Gorme, and almost for the first time in her life discovers that she has vanity.

"There will be no change in your dining arrangements unless you desire them," she tells him, rather primly.

He does not reply; and a coming frown seems to cast a shadow on her smooth, clear forehead, as he catches a glimpse of her face just before she turns toward the dining-room.

At dinner he makes it a point of being moderately talkative. Mr. Fortescue occasionally stops him in the midst of a sentence, and addresses some remarks to his daughter, for whom, were she to speak while the President of the United States was speaking, he would perhaps make prompt and strenuous effort to silence that personage. With these trifling impertinences excepted, Mr. Gorme has little to complain of. He directs his conversation wholly to Mr. Fortescue and Folke; toward the young lady he is quite uncommunicative.

The evening is rather hot and very stupid for Mr. Gorme. One cannot well enjoy reading when the wind has died down and the thermometer sprung up into nearly tropical weather; and Mr. Gorme finds himself alone, and quite without occupation, except that which his own thoughts bestow, as he threads the many-winding paths of the great lawn at Longshore.

Some neighbors have driven over to see the just-returned Miss Fortescue, and, while he wanders between the huge banks of evergreen about the lawn, ripples of laughter float to him from the distant portico. Presently he goes down to the shore, and stands for a while in the starlight, watching the vague, low-tided beach, with its kelp-grown boulders and its ragged crags. After a little space he returns toward the house.

While walking between two solemnly-dark rows of evergreens he is a little startled by hearing voices behind these dense masses of foliage. Miss Fortescue and a friend are evidently enjoying a stroll together. For the second time that day Mr. Gorme hears his own name in Grisell's lips.

"His name is Gorme; and such a queer piece of imperturbability! He behaves as if a bomb-shell at his elbow wouldn't do more than just faintly incommod him. Sort of nice, though, somehow."

Another voice:

"Are you going to level your broadsides upon him, Grisell dear? I suppose it will be a case of Lady Clara Vere de Vere very soon. I shall be imploring you to

'Pray Heaven for human heart,
And let the foolish *tutor* go.'

Do you really mean that he will be respectable pastime during August?"

"I mean, Gertrude, that I shall be respectable pastime for him before the end of that period, or else that I shall have tried in vain." Grisell's voice has roughened a little, and each word wears a certain firm stress. She goes on rapidly, after brief pause: "I think your professional coquettes, Gertie dear, are usually very silly people, whose successes are confined to very silly people also. I have no stupid aim of this sort. I merely desire to show Mr. Gorme—"

"That you can break his heart, if you choose, and prove to him how human he is."

A burst of laughter from both girls. Their path winds away, just here, ceasing any longer to be parallel with his.

It is not until after school-hours, on the following day, that Mr. Gorme meets Miss Fortescue.

They meet, then, in the library. He has gone in for a book, and she happens to enter at the same time by a different door.

"Heavens, how you startled me!" she screams, with immense wildness.

"I am very sorry."

He has gotten his book; he is leaving the room.

She calls to him, softly:

"Mr. Gorme."

"Well, miss?"

"For Heaven's sake don't 'miss' me," she reprimands, gathering her brows a trifle, and yet smiling. "It is so like the butler. You want to be different from the butler, don't you?"

"Some people do not see very much difference between the positions of butler and tutor," he answers, tranquilly.

"Ignorant people do not, nor vulgar people. Do you mean to say that you suspected me of such opinions?"

Mr. Gorme's hand goes mustacheward; he has a very small, dark mustache, which sometimes strokes.

"I had known you for so short a time, Miss Fortescue; and there is no accounting for tastes."

"I understand." She tries not to bite her lip; fails, and bites. "If I tell you that I am neither ignorant nor vulgar, you are willing to believe me, perhaps?"

"Should I not be disobliging if I refused?"

"I called you back"—she changes the subject—"to find out what book you had taken. Is it a novel?"

"No. I do not think you would be any wiser if I should tell you its title than you were before hearing it."

Miss Fortescue feels a feline desire to scratch the gentleman with whom she is speaking. As it is, she grows scarlet, and curls her lip.

"Hindostanee, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; Greek."

"I thought school-hours were up. Or are you learning the lesson you have set poor Folke for to-morrow, so that you may frighten him with your erudition?"

She rather flatters herself that she has thought of quite an original rudeness.

"Not precisely that," he answers, promptly. "Miss Fortescue forgets that her father pays me for knowing Greek already, not for learning it while at Longshore."

He has the placid manner of one who ventures upon correcting some misapprehension; and yet she sees the strong rebuke underneath this mode of utterance, like the play of muscular limbs underneath some clinging garment. Bowing suavely but ever so little, he passes out of the room.

At dinner, that evening, they meet again, and do not exchange a word with each other. But, after dinner, she chances upon him, as it appears, while he is passing through the lower hall. She makes him talk to her for a little while; there is nothing belligerent between them this time, and he leaves her, presently, with nothing brusque about his departure.

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And yet he leaves her with an impression of having gotten away as soon as possible.

During the next week there are several more meetings of this sort; some long, some brief. On no occasion does Grisell find herself able to do more than just temporarily detain her brother's tutor. He is perpetually slipping away from her at the vaguest excuse for such evanishment.

One afternoon she discovers that he is seated in a corner of the portico, reading. Scattered round him are several chairs. Miss Fortescue hugs a novel under one arm, and rambles carelessly out upon the portico, looking lawnward all the time, and seating herself as though her thoughts were miles distant from the chair she takes.

When once well seated, she glances absently here, there, everywhere. Suddenly she becomes aware that she has a neighbor. It is really very well done.

"Gracious, Mr. Gorme, the idea of my not seeing you!" Then she looks down at her novel and begins turning its pages languidly. "I am so glad you were sitting."

"May I inquire why?"

"Because now you can't get away from me without being brazenly rude." Her face is very serious until the last word of this sentence. Then it fairly blossoms with a rich, brilliant smile.

"Shall I be rude if I go?" he asks, lifting his brows. "Thanks for telling me. And if I continue reading, Miss Fortescue?"

He has brought her to be prepared for shafts like these, and she chooses a new line of tactics to-day in meeting them. There is no biting of the lips, no angry surprise. Her charming smile only wanes a little, and her turquoise-colored eyes take rather tender gleams.

"We won't discuss the question of whether you would be rude in reading or no," she softly tells him. "I am sure you don't mean to read. I am sure you mean to talk with me, and forget all about your stupid book, whether it be Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew."

("Good Heavens!" shoots through her mind as she finishes, "is this man ice or marble?")

For not a muscle of his face has changed with the change in her own voice; no least sign has shown itself that she has warmed within him even one faint spark of interest.

"I am very little of a talker," he responds, fingering the pages of his book as though he wanted to get back to it.

But she is irrepressible this morning. Her chair is not very far off from his, and toward him now she seems to lean all the rich-moulded languor of her faultless figure, both shoulders drooped forward in a bewitching curve, and the little cleft, peach-like chin thrust out from her lovely, sidelong face.

"Then you shall read to me," she sweetly commands. "I like being read to. If your book is either English or French, I sha'n't send you into the house to get another one."

"It is English." He neither refuses nor consents. He appears to be simply stating a fact, with nothing moody about his manner, and, on the other hand, nothing amiable.

She jumps up from her chair, seizes it,

and brings it very appreciably nearer to his. "Then you mean to read?" seating herself again, and again leaning toward him, now so near that he feels her breath delicately break against his face. "How charming! Let me see what you have there;" and she reaches out a hand, from whose perfect wrist and arm the light, summer muslin falls backward almost to her dimpled elbow.

He lets her take the book, a little unconcerned sort of smile just edging his lips.

"Ah! poetry!" she cries out, in a pleased way. "Are you fond of poetry? I worship it. Let me see whose these poems are. Oh, Robert Browning's. He's the man who is so hard to understand, isn't he?"

"Some people find him so."

She bases her elbow on her lap very suddenly indeed, rests her cheek against her hand, and stares at him with an exquisite, childlike wonderment, wholly lacking affection.

"Don't you find him so? Not ever?"

"Now and then his thought is a little hard to follow. But he rewards the labor you expend upon him in many instances."

She hands him back the book, settling herself into demurest primness.

"You shall read him to me, and I shall judge. When every thing is darkness, you shall say, 'Let there be light.'"

He takes the book and opens it.

"I hope there will be," he comments, unimpressively.

"You mustn't judge my intellect by Folke's—poor, dear boy! Does it follow, because he is a simpleton, that I am a simpleton? Have you forgotten how Charlemagne was the father of King Pepin?"

"History hopes so," he answers, beginning to read. He has read a line when she stops him.

"It sounds sort of hickory-nuttish already. However, that wasn't why I stopped you. I want to know the name of the poem you're honoring me with?"

"Any Wife to Any Husband" is its title. May I begin again now?"

"Yes."

He recommences. He has read about seven stanzas when he hears her sigh a mammoth sigh. And therewith he pauses again.

"It has been opaque for quite a little while, with flashes of comprehension. How tormenting! You couldn't give, could you, a sort of—?"

"Plain-prose explanation, what Mr. Browning means?"

"Precisely." She has thrust out that round, pink chin again, and creased her smooth forehead ever so faintly, and made her eyes two wistful stars. "How quick you are at catching meanings! I really think you can read me quite as well as you read those headache poems. But I am not headache a bit; I am very easy to understand."

"I did not think otherwise," he acquiesces, making the rapid color assail her face, though she is proof against getting angry this morning. "As I take it," he begins, "the meaning of what I have read you is—" and, with voice quietly dispassionate at first, he progresses in his explanation.

Every sentence seems to hang a lantern for her along the dark, intellectual path through which she tried to follow him. He is a firm lover of Browning—one of the few to whom this poet's many-sidedness and complexity offer any real charm; one of the few that can discern his work's fine mingling of rough and delicate, of sweet and bitter, of dramatic quartz and lyric silver. Unconsciously, while speaking, his voice rises and falls in larger waves of earnestness; he forgets nearly every thing but his subject, and that he has long been in love with. A new fire warms his eyes, making them shine out right richly beneath his high, broad forehead. Grisell is astonished and fascinated—at least to all appearances. Be this as it may, the man has given her a glimpse into his nature, though brief enough the duration of such scrutiny.

For his enthusiasm cools very quickly. He ceases speaking with the most unexpected abruptness, and returns to the book. "I have been thrown off my guard," his whole manner seems to express, while Grisell mutely watches him. Into his usually pale face an undeniable color is stealing.

"Shall we go on with the reading?" he presently wants to know.

"Yes, of course. And you have rendered the poem so clear to me now!"

Something in her voice makes him glance up from the book and momentarily search her face. It has grown grave on a sudden; the brilliant smile is nowhere, but the eyes still keep their wistfulness.

During many subsequent days it so happens that they hold many more such meetings together. All his old, unimpassioned, unimpassionable manner has returned to him. Since that one betrayal of feeling and fervor, he has panoplied himself in coldness more thoroughly than ever. He contrives to make her understand, without uttering a syllable that could at all clearly imply it, his recognition of these reading arrangements as a kind of adjunct duty to his tutorship of Folke. Yet Grisell persists in holding them. "I will not be defeated," she mentally decides. "He has shown me once that he is flesh and blood. I mean to cure, if I can, his silly wish to imitate an icicle."

So she excuses her persistence. At the same time telling herself that Mr. Gorme is amusing sort of company, in spite of all his odd airs and graces.

One afternoon she hands him a book which her father has lately bought. "I made papa get me this," she tells him, "because every paper that I have seen for the past two months has said something about it. As we have finished 'Men and Women,' suppose we take up 'Allan Erroll'?" It isn't a novel, though the name sounds so."

"A really long poem—quite a respectable bookful," he makes comment, turning its pages slowly. They are in their usual places on the portico. "Shall I begin now?" he asks. "It is easy reading—not at all in Browning's style. We shall not be long in getting through with it."

"Have you read it, then?"

He laughs a little light laugh. "You will believe so when I tell you that my best friend

wrote it. The author was my classmate at college."

" You mean Arthur James?" she murmurs, surprisedly, remembering the name on the book's title-page. " Pray tell me a little about him before we begin."

" In what way?"

" Well, firstly, is he nice-looking? Has he conventional hair and uneccentric collars?"

" As though he had never written a rhyme."

" I'm so glad. I shall enjoy the poem more. Then—he's a gentleman, you know?"

" A gentleman!"

" Yes. You may look at me in that calm, dumb style as much as you please, but I am sure that you perfectly understand what I mean."

" I do not understand."

" Oh, pshaw!" (with a deeply-irritated shoulder-shrug). " Is he good style? Is he—is he—at all like yourself, in outside manners, for example?"

" Our manners are similar."

" Well, I sha'n't waste any more time with my questions. Suppose we begin 'Allan Erroll' at once?"

Grisell was wrong when she stated that this poem of Mr. Arthur James's was not a novel. It is a novel, full of all the incident, romance, and passion, that would delight any lover of mere fiction; but, in addition, there is a glorious lyric melody bursting blossoms-wise out of a rich, nobly-rhythmic groundwork of blank verse, a poetic handling of situations, an intellectual fearlessness in general treatment, and a pronounced originality of style, that explain to Grisell the book's recent success before Mr. Gorme has read three pages of it.

And he reads it finely. She cannot but mark this, satisfied as she has lately become regarding his excellent elocution. Browning's rhymed subtleties were not given with this same ringing abandonment, mellow tenderness, musical force. Almost she grows convinced that the false stucco, so like marble, is falling away from Mr. Gorme again, and that the real flesh-and-blood man is beginning to reveal himself. She has struck a chord beyond his reticent tranquillity, now as once before. The first was his love for Browning; the second is his love for his friend Arthur James.

He reads on. The interest and power of the poem both deepen. Grisell sits spell-bound, a beautiful picture of intense attention. The work and its reader have become one somehow. The marvellous music of the verse appears inseparable from the voice that utters it. When Mr. Gorme finishes, there is a dead pause of—perhaps three minutes. He keeps his eyes fixed on the last page of the book for nearly this space of time; then he lifts them to Grisell's face. The beauty of its sweet, silent enthusiasm almost makes him dizzy.

" How exquisite!" she murmurs, very softly. " I do not wonder that he is in men's mouths. There are parts that almost seem to me like a god's writing."

Mr. Gorme drops his eyes bookward, not answering.

More silence, which she suddenly breaks. " What a glorious man he must be! I should so love to meet him! Of course he is married."

" No."

" Then some woman is yet to be made happy. Ah, how he will dwarf all other men to her! How she will learn to worship him! I think she should be some—some—" Her voice lessens hesitatingly; her eyes have a glowing, straight-ahead look, as though a thought of keenest interest absorbed her.

" Well?" he asks, abruptly lifting his own eyes, and speaking with tones that startle her for their sharpness—so intensely different from his usual soft speech.

" I think she should be some woman who, like myself, has only met men with tastes for spending money and talents for wearing fine clothes; who never dreamed, until she knew him, that the world held anybody much wiser or better than these valuable specimens. Then the surprise would be so delicious to her! She would almost be born again, somehow!"

Here Grisell stops. He is staring very hard at her face. Something about the look first puzzles, then irritates her. " You don't believe me!" she exclaims, offendedly.

He answers with much slowness:

" Arthur James would not. He is a deep disbeliever in all women such as yourself. Women who have led your life, had your sort of friends, been brought up amid pretension, vanity, and all that."

He flushes a little.

" I should not think that he disbelieved in any kinds of women, to judge from his book."

" He did not, when the book was written. But something has happened since then."

" Ah! some chilling experience?"

" Rather chilling."

" Pray tell me about it."

Mr. Gorme drops his eyes bookward again. Quite a little time lapses before he begins to speak. Grisell is intently watching him.

" My friend, like myself, secured, after leaving college, a position as tutor in a private family. The success of his poem might have filled some men with a desire to throw themselves headlong into literature as a means of daily bread-getting. But his whole nature turned from such a course as this. He believed, with Matthew Arnold, in 'art unsevered from tranquillity,' and in the sort of poetic labor that is 'too great for haste, too high for rivalry.' Accordingly, he conquered a longing desire for worldly enjoyments, follies, and frivolities, concluded that the city was no place for the plan of life he had devised, and presently found himself, through the influence of some friends, not very hard at work, in a tutelar sense, divesting, for a certain young student, the fortunes of the pious *Aeneas* from their many grammatical mysteries."

Mr. Gorme pauses and steals a fleet look at his listener. Never was listener more attentive. Both hands are crossed in her lap; her exquisite head is thrown slightly forward; a delicate wind, blowing from blue reaches of water that are just glimpsed between dis-

tant tree-tops, makes tremble the small, warm-colored rings of hair about clear brow and vague-veined temples. A thrush that is warbling deliciously from a near bush of shrubbery seems to his ears, after he has gained that rapid view of her loveliness, iterating again and again the melodious question, " Is she not beautiful?"

He does not pause for a very long time, but presently goes on, while fingering the leaves of "Allan Erroll," where it lies on his knee:

" My friend naturally found much leisure for the reading and the close thought which he desired. Nearly two months passed in the beautiful country-seat where he was now living. Up to the end of that time the family with whom he dwelt had consisted of only two persons, a father and son. Suddenly a young lady arrived, a sister of his pupil, who had been spending her time among friends since early May. Her coming brought with it no little discomfort to her brother's tutor. He felt that much of his precious freedom almost to wander where and to do what he might please would now suffer serious drawback. The young lady's father presented him to her with a great deal of ill-mannered majesty. The young lady herself appeared first to regard him with a sort of indolent unconcern, and afterward with rude curiosity. I should here mention what ought to have been mentioned some time before: the name of Arthur James was one which my friend had assumed, though only for literary purposes—a *nom de plume*.

" On the evening of the young lady's arrival, while he was taking a solitary walk among some huge evergreens rather near the house he became aware that, in a parallel path which the thick trees made quite invisible, two other people were also walking. One was his employer's daughter, and one—"

" Stop, Mr. Gorme, please." Grisell has risen, and her voice rings trenchant interruption, while a vivid spot of color flames on either cheek. " I don't care to hear any more of your friend's history. I begin to think I have heard it before—the last part, at least. Anyhow, I know what happened. He heard his pupil's sister say something that was sadly silly, and, because she had the bad taste to say it, he at once drew the conclusion that she was an insufferable, hollow-minded coquette, without a grain of true womanly good in her composition."

He rises also.

" You asked for a certain explanation. I have given it you."

She goes on in hot haste:

" With all his genius, this—this friend of yours cannot be said to read women with any thing but a feeble eye."

He draws a step nearer to where she is standing. His look holds a deep, meaning solemnity.

" Are you sure that he has read her wrongly?"

" I am certain of it."

He smiles a grave, slow smile.

" August is nearly over. She has kept her word. She has had her 'respectable pastime.' He has read her, and explained to her

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a book that is worth hearing, worth having explained."

She tosses her head with a most haughty petulance; she cannot help it; it is a result of her old "spoiled" days.

"If your friend told me that he had not enjoyed those readings I simply shouldn't believe him."

He has drawn very near to her very suddenly.

"He could not utter such a falsehood as that. His enjoyment has been great—too great—too dangerously great."

"How 'dangerously'?" these two words being low and slow.

He almost whispers his answer, having drawn so near to her now that it seems as though he can draw no nearer.

"Because—my friend is her brother's tutor."

She laughs a full, rich laugh.

"Your friend wrote 'Allan Erroll'?"

He feels his heart give quick throbs, then; but he only stands beside her, searching her face with earnest eyes while he murmurs:

"Her father is a very proud man."

She laughs again. After a pause she says:

"I think her father likes her stupidly enough to try and get her the moon if she really begged for it."

He seizes one of her hands between both his own. She does not draw it away.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

AN OPEN QUESTION.*

A NOVEL.

By JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A REVELATION.

THE apprehension with which Inez looked forward to a meeting with Kevin Magrath did not last over the first few moments of that interview. He was dressed in black, rather after the fashion in vogue among English priests, than among those on the Continent. As he looked at Inez, there was on his face something so mild and paternal that her fears departed, and she began to think that she had been mistaken in him all along. He addressed to her a few affectionate words, mingled with playful allusions to Bessie's running away from her husband for her sake, and then proceeded to express the deepest sympathy for her, and the strongest condemnation of Gounod. He declared that it was all a most lamentable mistake, arising from the miserable stupidity of "that old fool, Gounod." He had directed him merely to take the greatest possible care of her, which direction he had understood, or mis-understood, so as to conceive his duties to be those of a jailer. He alluded, in touching language, to his own deep grief when he

learned that she had gone, and to his fear even to search after her, lest she might suppose that she was pursued.

After these preliminaries, he went on to say that the time had now come, which he had so long wished to see, when he could explain every thing to her, and to Bessie also.

"I mean both of you," said he, "for you're both involved in this, and oh, but it's the shupreme momint of my life, so it is. Gyerruls—Inez Mordaunt, Bessie Mordaunt—listen to me. Ye both love one another like sisters, so ye do. Inez darlin', haven't ye ever suspected what's mint by Bessie's name? Bessie jool, don't ye suspect somethin' when ye hear me callin' her Inez Mordaunt?"

And with these words Kevin Magrath looked first at one and then at the other with a beaming smile of joyous expectation.

At such a singular address as this both Inez and Bessie looked puzzled. Inez looked at the speaker with earnest, solemn scrutiny; while Bessie looked first at Inez and then at him, and then back again at Inez.

"Ye love one another like sisters," continued Kevin Magrath—"ye love one another like sisters, and why? Why is it? Why? Have ye never suspected? Listen, then, I'll tell ye's both why it is.—It's because ye are sisters!"

"Sisters!" exclaimed Inez, in utter bewilderment. "Sisters! What do you mean?" And she turned and looked inquiringly at Bessie, who took her hand in one of hers, and, twining her other lovingly around her shoulder, looked eagerly at Kevin Magrath, and said:

"Sure an' it must be one of your jokes, grandpa darling, so it must. Inez Mordaunt, is it, and sisters, is it? How very, very funny, and sure it's me that don't understand it at all at all—now do you, Inez darling?"

"Be the powers! but it would be strange if ye did until I've explained myself somewhat. You, Bessie jool, have always known that yer father was Bernal Mordaunt; and you, Inez, only knewed it after the rivitalion of the late Henniger Wyverne—peace be to his soul!"

At this Bessie clasped Inez closer in her arms, and murmured:

"O Inez! darling, darling Inez, is this really so?"

"I'll explain it all," continued Kevin Magrath, while Inez said not a word, but stood motionless from astonishment, with all her gaze fastened upon his face, as though to read there the truth or the falsity of these astounding statements.

Bernal Mordaunt, thin, the father of both of ye's, had two daughters—one named Clara, now in glory, the other named Inez, now in this room. Now, when this Inez was a little over two years old, Mrs. Mordaunt had a third daughter, who is this very Bessie, now likewise in this room."

"And is Inez really my sister, then?" cried Bessie, with irrepressible enthusiasm, "and older than me, and me always loved her so!—O Inez! dear, sweet sister! O Inez! sure but it's heart-broke with joy I fairly am, and there you have it!"

With these words Bessie pressed Inez again and again in her arms; and Inez, who was still puzzled by various thoughts, which still stood in the way of her full reception of this announcement, was nevertheless so overwhelmed by Bessie's love that she yielded to it utterly, and, returning her embraces and kisses, burst into tears, and wept in her arms.

"Ye're not the same age, thin," said Kevin Magrath, "for you, Inez, are one year older than ye've been believing; and you, Bessie, are one year younger. Sure an' there's been oninding schayming about ye's, and ye've been the jupes of it. But I'm not going now to pursue that same into all its multichinduous rameefecations. I'm only intinding to mintion a few plain facts. Well, thin, your poor mother, Bessie, died in giving birth to you. With that death died out all the happiness of Bernal Mordaunt. Sorry am I to say, also, that you, the innocent child, were regarded by the widowed husband with coldness, if not aversion, for that you were the cause, innocent though you were, of the death of his wife, whom he adored. His other children he had always loved, but you he never mentioned, nor would he hear about you after the death of his wife. So Bessie, poor child, you were at the very outset of life worse thin orphined."

"I'm sure it—it wasn't my fault; and I'm sure I—I think it was a great shame so it was," said Bessie, sobbing as she spoke; and, drawing herself away from Inez, she buried her face in her hands.

"Well, thin, Bernal Mordaunt, weary of the wuruld as he was, was determined to quit it, and spind the remainder of his life in the services of religion. So he wint away and entered the Church, and became a priest. Before taking this step he committed his children to the gyarjanship of Henniger Wyverne, whose wife was the dear friend and rilative of the deceased Mrs. Mordaunt. Now, here was the injustice which he did, poor man. His children, in his eyes, were only Clara and Inez; the young infant he would not acknowledge; he virtually disouned his own child by neglecting it, by ignoring it. Here it was when I interposed. I remonstrated with him, but he listened with cold impatience. 'Do as you please with her, Kevin,' says he to me, 'but don't talk about her to me; but for her my wife would never have died.' Those were his own words, so they were. Cruel they were, and bitter, and most unjust, but he couldn't be moved from them, and he wint away to the far East, to spind the remainder of his life as a missionary priest.

"I was saying that I interposed here. Alreddy this neglected child had been kept by a nurse, and was now nearly a year old. I came with me sister, and I took the poor disouned child, and I had her well brought up, and I have sustained myself for years with the hope that Bernal Mordaunt might yet return to receive his injured daughter from my hands."

"O darling grandpa—then you are not my real grandpa, after all?" said Bessie, drawing nearer to Kevin Magrath, and taking his hands fondly in hers; "but, at any rate, I

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owe you, and you only, a daughter's love and duty, so I do."

"Sure to glory, thin, Bessie, don't I know it, and isn't it me that's always loved ye as a father, so it was?"

"And sure, then," said Bessie, holding Kevin Magrath's hand in one of hers, and reaching out the other to take that of Inez; "you, Inez darling, won't disown your sister, even if my cruel father did so turn away, will you, darling?"

Inez pressed her hand warmly. Bessie's sad fate touched her heart keenly, and this new-found sister came to her surrounded with a new and pathetic interest—that sister, cast out so long since, and now so strangely restored.

"Well, well," said Kevin Magrath, "sure it's best to let by-gones be by-gones. As I was saying, thin, Bessie was taken by me, and Clara and Inez were handed over to Hennigar Wyverne, who was to be their gyarjan. In a short time a difficulty arose. Hennigar Wyverne sent away Clara to a school in France, and changed the name of Inez Mordaunt to Inez Wyverne. The fact is, he had a scheme of getting possession of the Mordaunt property. His wife discovered this, and remonstrated. They quarrelled bitterly, and the end of it was that Mrs. Wyverne left her husband. Sure it was a hard position for an honest woman to be put in, but she couldn't stand by and see this thing done under her very nose, so she left her husband; and, for my part, I honor her for doing so, so I do. It was from her that I heard of Hennigar Wyverne's baseness, and I wint and remonstrated with him, and tried all I could to bring him back to the path of duty. I couldn't do much with him. I couldn't find out where he had sent Clara; and, whin he found that I was growing troublesome, he sent you away, too, Inez darling. Well, years passed, and at length I heard from him that Clara was dead. I heard that she had married, in Paris, some adventurer, and was dead and buried. Well, not long after that, you were brought home by him, and were known as Inez Wyverne. I now determined to bring things to a close. I had heard that poor Bernal Mordaunt was dead, and I was determined that whin you came of age, Inez, you should have your name and your rights. In order to do this, I had to go and talk plainly to him. I found that he had forgotten about Bessie, and he saw that all his fine schemes were broken up, and that I had him in my power. He had squandered so much of the Mordaunt property that he could never repay. He also had suffered much in his conscience, for he had one, the poor creature, and was a broken-down man. He at length promised to do all that was right, but begged me to give him time. He had come to love you, Inez dear; and he felt a deep repugnance to develop his crimes to you; he couldn't endure the thought of confessing to you the wrongs he had done. Well, I pitied him, for we were old frinds—and, for that matter, Bernal Mordaunt was also—and, in spite of his roguery, I couldn't help feeling sorry for him. So I gave him time, and, at the same time, declared that I would hold him to his word. Well, thin it was that I sent Bessie to live with him, or rather with you, Inez

darling, for I wanted the two of ye's to love one another like sisters, and I couldn't wait for Wyverne to make his confession. 'They'll love one another at first sight,' I thought, 'and whin they find out the blessed truth, they'll love one another all the better, so they will;' and that's what I see fulfilled this day, and sure to glory, but it's meself that's the happy man for being spared to see it."

And Kevin Magrath regarded them both for a few moments with a radiant face, and a benevolent, paternal smile.

"At length," he continued, "poor Wyverne's health grew steadily worse. It was remorse that was killing him, so it was, neither more nor less; and the dread of having to tell the truth to you, Inez darling. So he wint once to the Continent, and ye both wint with him, and ye finally brought up at Villeneuve. All this time we corresponded, and I was able to follow his track, either fortunately or unfortunately, I hardly know which. Now, ye know, Rome was, as a general thing, the place that was more like home to me than any other, especially since I had turruned over Bessie to poor Wyverne, or rather to you, Inez darling. Well, one day I was overwhelmed at hearing that Bernal Mordaunt had returned from the East. I rushed to greet him, and for a time, in the joy I felt at meeting my old frind, I forgot all about the villainy of another old frind. At length, when I infarrummed me that he was going to London as soon as possible, I became filled with anxiety. Circumstances were not in a proper position. Such an arrival would have forced on a sudden disclosure, and I knew that in Wyverne's weak state the excitement and shame would kill him. So I did the best I could. I wrote to him that Bernal Mordaunt had come, and advised him to fly for his life, or even to get up a pretended death. I towld him to get rid of the gyerruls, particularly Inez—that's you, darling—for I thought I'd give him a chance to escape, and thin come after ye, and tell ye both the whole story. I made a few further remarks, blaming him for entangling himself with a young doctor—a good enough young fellow, but a great check on his movements—and thin I mailed the letter, and tried to hope for the best. I felt afraid, though, in spite of all; and whin a few days afterward, Bernal Mordaunt left, I wint as far as Milan with him, and bade him good-bye with my heart full of a churrult of continding emotions.

"Howandiver, there was nothing more for me to do, so I wint to Churin, and thin via Genoa and Marseilles to Paris. I hadn't been there long before I learrened the worst. I learrened this from the lips of Bernal Mordaunt, who had come to Paris straight from Villeneuve, and was intindng to go to England as soon as possible. Some ecclesiastical juties, however, compelled him to remain for a time in Paris. He it was who infarrummed me about the occurrences at Villeneuve; and he towld me a thrilling story about being sent for to go to a dying man, and finding this dying man to be Hennigar Wyverne. I had alrdy felt it my duty, as an old frind, to infarrum Bernal Mordaunt to some extint about Wyverne's defalcations, telling him at the same time about his remorse and determina-

tion to make amends. I did not tell him where he was, though, and tried to dissuade him from crossing the Alps by the Simplon road. But he wanted to go that way to see some people at Geneva, and I couldn't prevent him. He had no idea that you gyerruls were there, as I had refrained from telling him, for reasons which you understand. Wyverne was almost gone, and but a few words passed between them. But yer father told me that he forgave him every thing, and told him so to his face."

"I did not know that any words passed between them," said Inez, mournfully, remembering Blake's account of this scene.

"Deed and there did, just as I'm telling ye. Who towld you that no words passed?"

"The—the doctor"—said Inez.

"Dr. Blake, is it? Well, there's some misunderstanding. He couldn't have known, or he couldn't have meant it. I had it from Bernal Mordaunt himself; and, of course, there couldn't have been any mistake. And, besides, I'm sure ye must have misunderstood him, for we've talked of that same several times since—over and over, so we have."

Inez was struck by this allusion to Dr. Blake, and could not help trying to find out more about him.

"I dare say," said she, "that there may have been some misunderstanding on my part, but I certainly have a distinct remembrance of the meaning that I gathered from his words, and that was, that Mr. Wyverne died without exchanging a word with him."

Kevin Magrath smiled blandly.

"Quite the contrary," said he, mournfully; "it's as I have said, and Blake has mentioned it to me over and over. Do you see, Inez darling, it must be as I have said."

"I suppose it must," said Inez, "but it is very singular. Is it long since you have seen the doctor?"

"Not very long."

"Is he here yet?" she asked, making a further effort to learn something about him.

"Oh, no—he left here some time ago."

"Ah!" said Inez. She did not like to exhibit too much curiosity, especially before Bessie, and at such a time as this, when the tremendous mysteries that had surrounded their past lives were being slowly unfolded. Bessie, however, did not appear to take the smallest interest in this. She was looking pensively at the floor, with a grave expression that was very unusual with her.

"He left here some time ago," said Kevin Magrath, pursuing the subject which Inez had started. "He was a fine young fellow, full of life and energy, and I don't wonder that poor Wyverne took a fancy to him; though I thought at the time that, under the circumstances, he was embarrassing his movements. The flight that I intimated would have been difficult, with Blake as his medical adviser and general director. Well, well, it's all the same, for Blake knows all about it now, so he does."

"Where did he go to?" asked Inez, abruptly, unable to control her curiosity.

"Well—he left here—on an adventure, and he wint to Italy, so he did—to Rome, in fact."

"To Rome?" repeated Inez, in the tone of one who wished to learn more.

"Yes—to Rome—and in Rome he stayed."

"How odd!" said Inez. "Is Rome a good place for a doctor?"

"Sure, it's as good as any place. Why not? Anyhow, there he stayed, and there he is now."

Inez made no further remark. Rome seemed a strange place for a doctor to go to, yet so it was, and the fact set her thinking.

"He's settled there," continued Kevin Magrath after a pause. "He's settled there, and for good."

This was not very pleasant, on the whole, to Inez. It looked like neglect and forgetfulness on Blake's part, and she had expected something different. A sigh escaped her in spite of herself. But then she reflected upon her own sudden disappearance, and thought that Blake might have made unsuccessful efforts to find her, and have given it up at last in despair.

"Yes," said Kevin Magrath once more, "he's settled there; and there's no injurement that I know of that'd draw him away."

"Well, grandpa darling," said Bessie at last, "we don't care about this. We want to know more about ourselves, and our poor, dear papa, so we do. You said that he came as far as Paris. Now, what happened immediately after that? Did you tell him then about it all, and about our darling, precious Inez, my own sweet sister—or did you postpone it—or?"

"I'll tell ye all about it, Bessie darling, and you too, Inez, my jool, but not now, not just now. What comes after this is a mournful story; and Bessie, me darling, I hardly know how I'm ever to tell it to you at all at all."

"To me!" exclaimed Bessie, in wonder; "and sure, and why not, thin?"

"Well, thin, it's just because it makes me feel badly. There's things to say that I don't like to say to ye, face to face. I'll tell it all to Inez some time, and she can be after telling it to you. In this way, I'll allow the story to filter, as it were, through her to you."

"Well, I'm sure, I think it's very strange, so I do, grandpa darling; but you're the best judge, and, if it is so awfully sad, you know, why, perhaps, I'd better hear it from Inez, or, perhaps, I'd better not hear it at all—that is, if it is really too very awfully sad—for, sure, I was never the one that was inclined to listen to bad news, unless it was necessary."

"It depends on what ye call necessary. Howdivever, ye can judge for yerself afterward."

CHAPTER XLIV.

ALL THE PAST EXPLAINED.

This was the happiest day by far that Inez had known for a long time. The advent of Bessie, the restoration to her proper position in life, the society of friends, all these were unspeakably sweet to one who had suffered as she had. But, above all, the discovery that Bessie was her own sister formed the climax of all these joys; and Inez, after the

first natural bewilderment had passed, gave herself up to the delight of this new relationship. As for Bessie, she was, if possible, still more excited. Naturally of a more demonstrative disposition than Inez, she surpassed her in her exhibitions of affection and delight, and overwhelmed her with caresses. Such a revelation as this gave them material for endless conversations, exclamations, and explanations. Each one had to tell all about her life and her past reminiscences; each one had to give a minute account of the state of her affections with regard to the other; and all the past was thus opened up by the two in so far as it might afford interest to one another. Each one, however, instinctively avoided the more mournful periods in that past; and, as Inez said nothing of her imprisonment, so Bessie said nothing of the mournful events at Mordaunt Manor.

As to the sufferings through which Inez had gone—her journey to Paris, the discovery of her father's death, her imprisonment, the examination of the letters, her suspicions, her fears, her flight, her illness, and her misery, all these constituted a part of her life upon which no light had yet been thrown. Yet Kevin Magrath had shown all the impressions which she had formed about him from his letter to Wyverne to be erroneous; and, from what she had seen of him, she did not doubt that he would account for every other difficulty, and prove to her that she had been in every respect deceived in the opinions which she had formed about him. The remainder of his story she knew would be as clear, as open, and as natural, as the first part had been; and he himself would stand completely vindicated.

On the following morning Kevin Magrath came to breakfast with them, and, after breakfast, Bessie withdrew.

"I know, grandpa dear," said she, "that you'd rather not have me just now, so I'll go, and I'll hear it from Inez, if she chooses to tell me; and, if she does not choose to tell, why, I'd very much rather not hear. And, what's more, I won't even think about it. Good-by, you two dear jools of life."

With these words Bessie retired, and Inez waited for the remainder of Kevin Magrath's story.

He regarded her for a few moments in silence, with an expression on his face that was at once affectionate and paternal, and with a gentle smile on his lips.

"Inez, me darling," said he, "ye've suffered from me more than I dare to think of, but ye'll see that I wasn't to blame, and that I've really suffered as much as you have out of pure sympathy and vexation. But I'll go on in order, and just tell a plain, consecutive story.

"Well, thin, your poor father, Bernal Mordaunt, came here to Paris, as I said, and here I found him. It was from me that he first heard that one of his daughters was dead. This was his eldest, Clara, his favorite. Whin I say she was his favorite, ye'll understand me. Ye see, you were only a little thing—a baby, in fact—barely able to prattle, while Clara was many years older, and had been thus the love and joy of her father years before you were born. Ye'll not be pained

whin I say that he could better have spared you than her. Anyhow, so it was, and, consequently, when he heard that Clara was dead, it was a worse blow to him than if a man had knocked him down senseless. It took all the life and soul out of him. For he had been broken down out in China, or Japan, or India, by overwork, and, whin he turned his steps homeward, it was his children that he thought of most; and by his children he meant, most of all, Clara. So, whin he heard that she was dead, it was with him for a time as though he had lost the last tie that bound him to this world; and he couldn't think of any thing but her. He brooded over this. We went out to her grave in Père-la-Chaise, and thin he forsook the design of conveying her remains away, and depositing them by the side of the remains of his wife. Now she—your poor mother, Inez darling—was buried at Rome."

"Rome!" exclaimed Inez, in wonder.

"Yes, at Rome, and to that place your father determined to convey the remains of Clara. He had gone after your mother's death to Rome to prepare for the priesthood, and his love for his lost wife had injured him to bring her body there. So now he resolved to take Clara's body. Besides, he had to go back to Rome once more, though he would have had time to go for you before returning there; and it's a thousand pities he didn't; and it was myself that was never tired of urging him to do that same; but no, he was brooding all the time over his lost daughter, the child of his best love, and had thin no thought of you—and oh, but it's the pity he didn't go for you, Inez darling!"

"Well, I kept with him. We had the remains of Clara interred, and took them to Rome, and placed them by the side of her mother's body. Well, after this, I tried to turn his thoughts to you—to wean him from these dead loves, and bring to his heart the warmth of a living love. I told him of you, and I told him of Bessie. Of Bessie he would hear nothing. There was the same coldness and aversion which I had noticed years before, and I could do nothing with him. He had never loved her, so I had nothing to work on there; but with you it was different, for he recollects his little baby Inez, named after his wife. He had her portrait once with the portraits of the others, and spoke of this with much emotion. At length his love for you grew strong enough to draw him away from the dead, and, finally, the thought of you filled all his mind.

"So, you see, we set out for England. We reached Marseilles and proceeded to Paris. The journey, however, was very fatiguing to him, and by the time we reached here he was unable to go one step farther. He took to his bed, and out of that bed he never rose. He had overtaxed his strength, and the sorrow which he had endured had greatly prostrated him. For a time he hoped against hope. He would not mind for you, though I urged him, because he wished to have the pleasure of going on to you, and was afraid of frightening you. But it was not to be; he grew worse and worse, and at last, whin it was almost over, whin he could not write, he slept for you.

"Even then he tried to ease the blow—poor man—though he only made it worse. He did not wish the letter to come from a stranger. He dictated it to me—but did not wish it to seem dictated, for fear of frightening you. 'Kevin,' says he—'she'll be frightened,' says he—'just write it as if I was writing it,' says he—'let her think it's from me own hand, and don't say a word about it's being dictated—just take it from me own lips.' That's what he said, and that's just what I did—and, for that matter, I don't suppose ye ever thought otherwise than that poor Bernal wrote it with his own hand; but I mention it now so as to show ye, Inez darling, that yer poor father was very far gone when that letter was written.

"So far gone was he, indeed, that on the next day all was over. Early that morning he implored me once more to write to you. 'Kevin lad,' says he, 'let her think it's from me own hand. It'll comfort her more—if she loves me—to think she has something from me. Kevin, I was to blame for not going to her first.' Then he hurried me on, and I wrote word for word just as he spoke—with all his incoherence and disconnected words—and I was pleased with his allusions to myself—for sure I was the only one left for ye to look to after he had gone. And I tell you this now about this letter. The letter itself won't perhaps be so pricous in your eyes, Inez darling—but the love of that father ought to be still more pricous, who died while lavishing upon you the last treasures of his love.

"Well," continued Kevin Magrath, after a thoughtful pause, "at that hour there was one to whom he ought to have given a thought—yis—one to whom he ought to have given many thoughts—one who should have had at least a share—yis, equal shares with you, Inez—in his love. I mean my poor Bessie. Never did I cease to try to bring before him that disowned, that injured child—his own child—cast out from the moment of her birth—ignored—disliked—hated. Oh, sure, but it was myself that was heart-broken about that same; and me trying all the time to injue him to show her, if not affection, at least common justice. But my efforts were all in vain. I could not get him to feel the slightest interest in her. There was coldness, and even aversion, in his manner whenever I introduced that subject. When I spoke about her, he would be at first fretful; then, overcoming this, he would take up an attitude of patient enjurance, like one who was putting a great constraint upon himself. And oh! but my heart bled for the poor child. I knew what she was. I felt that, if he could but see her, he must love her—yet here he was, turning himself away, without one word to send her, even from his death-bed. And, Inez darling, I, who know Bessie, I, who know her tender, gentle, loving heart, her susceptible nature, her sweet, innocent, childlike ways—I know this, that, if she was aware of the aversion of her father for her, her heart would break, so it would—she would die, so she would. Poor, poor, darling Bessie! disowned and outcast from her father's heart, from her birth till his death!

"And thi'," continued Kevin Magrath,

with manifest emotion, "this is what I can never tell her, never. I don't even know how to begin to tell her. I can't begin to mention it. And therefore, me child, I tell it to you, hoping that you may find some gentle way of letting her know all about it. You may succeed where I would fail."

"Oh, no," said Inez, mournfully. "Oh, no, I could never, never tell it. There is no way by which such thing could be told. I could not have the heart to hint at it. I could not even begin to tell her about that last scene, for fear she would ask me what message he had left for her. And oh! how sad not to be able to give any message, however formal or commonplace! Oh, how cruel it was—how cruel! And, poor, tender-hearted Bessie, with her affectionate nature and her heart of love!"

Kevin Magrath wiped his eyes.

"We can't even mention it," said he, "as far as I can see. It can't be done, unless you may find some way some day, and that I doubt, so I do. We'll have to smother it up, and avoid the subject. But oh! it was a sin, so it was, to pass out of the worruld in such a way. And ye don't think, thin, me child, that ye could find any way to break it to her?"

"No," said Inez; "impossible. I shall never be able to speak of this subject at all, or to allow her to speak of it. It seems to me that, while she was hearing of his love for Clara and for me, she would feel an intolerable pang at finding herself cast out. No, she ought never to know—never!"

Kevin Magrath sighed.

"Well," continued he, "that letter was the last act of your poor father, for he died not long after; and, for my part, I was overwhelmed. I knew that you might be coming, me child, and I was afraid to meet you—afraid to stay and be the witness of your grief. Now, your poor father had made me promise that I would have him buried by the side of his wife and child, in Rome; and so, when he was removed from the house, I at once went to fulfil my promise, and started for Rome with his remains, afraid to wait and meet you, and leaving to others the task of breaking to you the awful news. The worst of it was, it was your poor father himself who had put me in such a position, by obstinately refusing to write, or to let me write, until it was too late. . . . So, me child, I took away the mortal remains of my friend, and of your father, and I conveyed them to Rome—and there I buried them, by the side of his wife and his child, your sister Clara, and there they all are now side by side."

There was a long silence now.

"Is there a cemetery, or are they buried in some church?" asked Inez, in a low voice.

"There is a cemetery in Rome," said Kevin Magrath, slowly and solemnly, "the likes of which doesn't exist in all the wide worruld—a cemetery, eighteen hundred years old, filled with the moulderin remnants of apostles, and saints, and martyrs, and confessors—a cemetery, to lie in which robes death of half its terrors, and there now repose all that is mortal of your father, your mother, and your sister."

"Oh!" cried Inez, "what place can that be? Is there such a cemetery? What is its name? I have never heard of it."

"The cemetery that I speak of," said Kevin Magrath, solemnly, "is known as—the Roman Catacombs."

"The Roman Catacombs!" repeated Inez, in a voice full of awe.

"The Roman Catacombs," said Kevin Magrath. "There they lie, side by side—they who loved one another on earth, and who are thus joined in death, awaiting the resurrection morn."

Inez made no remark, and a long silence followed. Kevin Magrath was the first to break it, and he went on to continue his story:

"Whin I left," said he, "I told Gounod that you were coming, and I told him what to do. I told him about the sorrow you'd be in, and urged him to attend upon you, and do all that he could for you. I knew he could do nothing to alleviate such sorrow as you would have; so I laid great stress upon his keeping watch over you, so as to find out your wants. In fact, I overwhelmed him with dirrections. Well, I went away, and I stayed away for weeks, waiting impatiently till the time when I might suppose your grief to be moderated; and thin I came back; and I assure ye, me child, I was fairly trembling with agitation at the thought of meeting you in your bereavement. And what do you think awaited me? What! Sure, you may imagine. Gounod, with his bewilderment, and the owl hag Briset, both voluble and eloquent about your escape. Escape! As if I ever meant any thing else! Escape! Why, it was as if it had been a prison they had made for you—and so it was, and nothing else in the wide worruld. The fool! the beast! the idiot! he had utterly misunderstood me; I had enjoined upon him to watch you like a servant, and he had watched you like a jailer. I understood well how your nature must have chafed against restraint and surveillance; and thin, when I thought of you, all alone after your maid had gone, me heart fairly ached for you, so it did. My very desire to apace you pain had caused fresh pain to you, Inez darling; and you were lost to me, for I dared not search for you. I was afraid that, if I did, you would misunderstand it all, and be all the more terrified; and what's more, even if I had found you, I should not have been able to look you in the face. I couldn't have spoken one word. I wrote frantic letters to Bessie, and she wrote back letters full of anxiety, telling me that she had heard nothing about you, and knew nothing. I declare to you, me child, those days were the worst I ever knew in all my life. And so it went on, and I was in helplessness and despair until this blessed time, until yesterday, when Bessie herself came with the glad news about you; and I hurried her away to meet you, and waited here, with me old heart throbbing tumultuously while she was gone. But at last she returned, and you with her; and thin I had a chance to explain, in a gradual way, and at least to let you know that, if you had suffered, I, at least, was innocent. And sure to glory, but it's myself that was the happy man last night."

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So ended Kevin Magrath's story, and that story had sunk deep into the soul of Inez.

Many conclusions had she gathered from that story; and, as she listened to its details, one by one the frightful dangers that seemed to have hovered about her past, or appeared to impend over her present, were dispelled. At length, they all seemed no more than the creations of her own fancy.

The letter to Wyverne, which had been the first of these troubles, was fully explained. Wyverne's emotion at its reception, his terror of Bernal Mordaunt, his dying declaration—all these were made plain, all except his assertion that Dr. Blake was his son, and on this she laid but little stress now, since she thought that she could ask about that at any other time. With these were also explained the similarity in the handwriting of the different letters, the mystery that had overwhelmed her in her prison-house, the absence of Kevin Magrath, the espionage and strict guardianship of Gounod—all these were explained, and the terrors that they had excited vanished like so many dreams. Out of all this there remained prominent several things :

First. Kevin Magrath was a high-minded, noble-hearted man—the friend of her father, of Bessie, and of herself.

Secondly. Bessie was her own sister.

Thirdly. Her father, her mother, and her sister Clara, were all buried at Rome.

Fourthly. Dr. Blake was also at Rome—"settled there," as Kevin Magrath had expressed it.

"Inez darling, me child," said Kevin Magrath, after a long silence, "I am very anxious to go to Rome, and, if ye would like to go to see the graves of yer father, yer mother, and yer sister, I should like to show them to ye; but, at the same time, if ye feel reluctant about going, it's no matter. Bessie is anxious to go and fulfil a daughter's duty to those who never performed a parent's part to her; and I thought that you, the dear child of their care and their love, might have the same feelings."

At this proposal Inez at once thought of the far-off graves of those dear ones whom she had lost, and there arose a sudden longing to visit in death those whom she had failed to meet in life. With these came other thoughts, less holy, yet equally strong—she thought of Blake. Yes, Rome was a place which presented stronger attractions to her than any other.

"Rome!" said she. "Oh, how I long to go there! And will you really take me?"

"I should be glad beyond all things if you would come with us," said Kevin Magrath.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMBER.

AMBER, "loveliest amber that ever the sorrowing sea-birds have wept," comes to us from the dim ages of prehistoric times, invested with a legendary interest which throws a mysterious charm over the tints of mellow gold, reflected in soft radiance from its surface, or gleaming with flitting splendor

through the pellucid transparency of its substance.

The history of this gem of the sea, its formation, its antiquity, its mysterious properties, and its rich variety of coloring, have been subjects of investigation and discussion long before the Christian era. The poets of every clime have drawn delicious imagery from the "clots of sunshine" imprisoned within its boundaries; philosophers have speculated on its electrical manifestations; the superstitious have endowed it with the supernatural power attached to amulets and charms made of it; entomologists have been unwearied in examining the curious development of insect-life buried within its transparent substance; botanists have studied its strange growths and accretions; and geologists have revelled in the old coniferous forests of amber-dropping pines. From the earliest ages it has been a favorite article of feminine adornment, while the masculine part of the world has ever found the sublime narcotic—

"Divine in hookahs, glorious in a pipe,
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich and ripe."

The largest quantity of amber is found on the southern shore of the Baltic, between Memel and Königsberg, where it is cast up by the action of the ground-swell after the northerly gales. It is also found on the coast of Sicily, on the shores of the Adriatic, on the English beach of Norfolk and Suffolk, and at Cape Sable, in Maryland. Mining for amber in beds of brown lignite is carried on in Prussia, and it is found in excavations all over Europe. About four thousand pounds of it are annually obtained from the Prussian shore of the Baltic, a great part of which is exported to Constantinople, for the manufacture of beads, and mouth-pieces to pipes and meerschaums. It is found in masses, irregularly shaped, and usually of small size. In 1576, a mass weighing eleven pounds was found in Prussia, and a few years since the largest lump on record, weighing twenty-two pounds, was discovered between Memel and Königsberg, on the Baltic. A mass, weighing eighteen pounds, was found in Lithuania, and is now preserved in the Royal Cabinet at Berlin. The color is of all shades, from a pale straw-color to deep orange. A species called the Falernian, from its similarity in rich, golden color to the celebrated wine of that name, was the most prized by the Romans. The clearness is of all degrees, from perfect transparency to cloudy opacity. Its specific gravity is 1.07, and it has a conchooidal fracture. It is brittle, but can be easily cut with a sharp knife; it becomes negatively electrified by friction. By distillation, it yields succinic acid, *succinum* being its Latin name, and this acid is its principal characteristic. It fuses in the air at 550° Fahr., and burns with a yellow flame, leaving a shining bituminous mass, which is used in the arts as a basis for varnish.

Amber was highly esteemed by the ancients. Thales, of Miletus, first discovered its electrical properties 600 B. C. Sophocles, Herodotus, and other ancient writers, allude to it. The word *amber* comes from the Arabic *amber*, meaning ambergris, a substance discharged by the spermaceti-whale

when wounded, and found in its intestines. The Latins called it *succinum*, the gum-stone; the Greeks called it *electron*, and wing-bearing, from its attractive property; the Persians, *kak-ruba*, grass or straw robbing, from its power of attracting these light substances; and it has the honor of having given a name to the science of electricity.

Almost all the Greek and Latin authors have something to say of *electron*, and strange, wild theories were made to account for its characteristics. Some supposed it to be produced by the rays of the setting sun on the surface of the earth, resulting in an "uncous sweat" which was washed off by the sea and further elaborated in its depths. Others believed that a sheet of water called Lake Electron was situated in the garden of the Hesperides, and that amber fell into the water from the poplar-trees, by which its banks were lined. Sophocles says that amber is the tears shed for Meleager by the birds, called Meleagrids, into which his sisters had been transformed. Ovid makes use of the prevailing idea of his time, that amber was a vegetable product distilled from the trees, in one of his Metamorphoses on the death of Phaethon. His sisters, inconsolable for his death, wandered around the world until they came to the river Po, where the nymphs of Latiun had erected a monument to the memory of Phaethon. Still bewailing his untimely fate, they were changed into poplar-trees—

"The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, hardened into value by the sun,
Distil forever on the stream below;
The limpid streams their radiant treasure show.
Mixed in the sand, whence the rich drops con-
veyed
Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid."

Milton alludes to the same poetic myth in :

"Him the Thunderer hurled
From the empyrean headlong to the gulf
Of the half-parched Eridanus, where weep
Even now the sister trees their amber tears
O'er Phaeton untimely dead."

The Roman ladies had a high appreciation of the delicate beauty of amber ornaments. During the reign of Nero, the demand for amber was very great. The emperor, to please the ladies of his court, sent a special messenger to the amber-country to procure a large supply of the article. He brought back such quantities that the nets of the gladiatorial arena were studded with the shining gems. The journey from the Tiber to the Baltic, by way of the Adriatic and the Danube, must have been an undertaking of no small magnitude, and serves to give an idea of Nero's reckless extravagance to indulge the fancy of some reigning belle.

But the supernatural qualities of amber have always been a subject of the deepest interest. It is not strange that, to the ancients, its power of attracting light substances to itself, and then repelling them, should have endowed it with a kind of life, and led to the superstitions that some intelligence of another world, some fairy or sprite, had selected it for a dwelling-place. In the fairy-literature of Persia, one of the abodes of the Peris is called Amberabad. The Hindus have their amber moon, and the various superstitions of the northern nations connect

amber with fairy pranks and witches' spells. This was the belief of the people inhabiting the southern shore of the Baltic, as they had the mysterious gem constantly before their eyes, and associated in their minds with manifestations of witchcraft, in which they firmly believed.

An interesting relic, embodying the superstition of the time, has come down to us in the romance of "The Amber Witch," which was published in German, in 1843, and re-published in English from a careful translation of the late Lady Duff Gordon. The story is written by the pastor of a district in Pomerania; the time is during the period of the Thirty Years' War, in the first part of the seventeenth century. Plundered of every thing by the imperialists, the pastor and his daughter, the charming amber-witch of the drama, are reduced to the verge of starvation. In her extreme necessity, Mary Schiveidler, goes up the Streckelberg to seek for blackberries, and in a dell near the sea-shore discovers a rich vein of amber, and, breaking off some pieces, carries the treasure to her father. They dare not disclose their good luck, but secretly dispose of their shining prize, and devote the proceeds to their own support, and generously provide for the suffering parish. Mary has incurred the ill-will of the real witch of the village, who makes use of her mysterious and nightly visits to the mountain, and her stores of unexplained wealth, to fix upon her the guilt of witchcraft, and a compact with the devil. The pure and innocent maiden is tried for her life, subjected to every indignity, and at last put to the torture. Shrinking from the physical pain which racked her delicate limbs, she confesses every thing that her tormentors require. She is condemned to be burnt alive, but on her way to the stake, by a curious combination of circumstances, is reprieved. Her lover, the young lord, appears as her deliverer, and the story comes to a triumphant close with her happy marriage, and with every vestige of dishonor removed from her fair name. The narrative is characterized by great pathos, purity, and simplicity, and gives a graphic picture of the power which superstition exercised over the people who lived in those times, and is also a good illustration of the supernatural charms associated with amber.

The late Mr. Vincent Wallace has, in the opera of "The Amber Witch," made use of the leading incidents of this interesting and touching story.

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford has made a superstitious belief in the power of amber the foundation of her strange, weird romance of "The Amber Gods." The incidents of the story cluster around an amber rosary of exquisite workmanship, which the vivid imagination of the writer has invested with a fascinating charm, making it a creation almost endowed with life and personality. The rosary is a legacy sent from Italy to the heroine of the story. We copy a part of the description of it as a bit of glowing word-painting in harmony with the characteristics of the gem:

"There's the amber rosary! Why, observe the thing; turn it over; hold it up to the window; count the beads, long, oval, like some sea-weed bulbs, each an amulet. See

the tint; it's very old; like clots of sunshine, aren't they? Now bring it near; see the carving, here corrugated, there faceted, now sculptured into hideous, tiny, heathen gods. Here's one with a chess-board on his back, and all his kings, and queens, and pawns, slung around him. Here's another with a torch—a flaming torch, its fire poured out inverted. They are grotesque enough; but this is matchless: such a miniature woman, one hand grasping the round rock behind, while she looks down into some gulf, perhaps, beneath, and will let herself fall."

Under the influence of the amber-spell, the hero of the story is faithless to his first love, and is enthralled by the enchantment which the wearer of the rosary exerts over him. The romance is charmingly rendered, and the rich imagery connected with amber is as artistically woven into the meshes of the story as is the lovely amber-rosary in the fair tresses of the ill-fated heroine.

The Scotch carried their superstitious belief in the power of amber still farther than the other northern nations. The Scotch for amber is *lammer*, and lammer beads are held even at the present day in peculiar veneration by the Scottish peasantry. When strung on red thread they were supposed to be a charm to repel witchery; worn by children they were considered a certain preventive of dangerous illness, and were deemed particularly potent against the spells of witches, and evil machinations generally. A set of lammer beads was at one time the ordinary present from a mother to a daughter on the night of her marriage, so that, being worn about the neck, her husband might be more charmed with her beauty. But the most extraordinary form which the belief in amber-power seems to have taken, in the minds of the Scotch people, was that of attributing immortality to its internal administration. This belief is distinctly and powerfully set forth in the following lines, from the *Scots Magazine*, respecting the virtues of lammer-wine:

"Drink as coup o' the lammer-wine,
An the tear is nae mair in your e'e.
An drink twa coupes o' the lammer-wine,
Nae dule nor pine ye'll dre.
An drink three coupes o' the lammer-wine,
Your mortal life's awa.
An drink four coupes o' the lammer-wine,
Ye'll turn a fairy sma'.
An drink five coupes o' the lammer-wine,
O joys ye're rowth an' wale.
An drink six coupes o' the lammer-wine,
Ye'll ring over hill and dale.
An drink seven coupes o' the lammer-wine,
Ye may dance on the milky way.
An drink eight coupes o' the lammer-wine,
Ye may ride on the fire flight blae.
An drink nine coupes o' the lammer-wine,
Your end day ye'll niver see.
An the nicht is gane, an' the day has come
Will never set to thee."

Up to a comparatively recent period, amber has been employed as a powerful agent in the practice of medicine. The elder Pliny celebrated its virtues, and, though it has no place in the modern catalogue of medicines, it is only recently that physicians have grown wise enough to dispense with its use. Formerly, it was used as a stimulant, being the principal constituent of "*'eau de force*." This famous essence was a volatile preparation of oil-of-amber and ammoniæ; evaporated to so-

lidity, it was used for removing stains from cloth, and, when diluted, it was applied as a stimulant in fainting-fits. As a medicine it was used in every variety of form, from simple powder to the most elaborate product of distillation.

Amber was not only used as a medicine, and a volatile essence having some similarity to *eau de cologne*, but it was also worn as an amulet or charm against particular diseases. It was considered particularly efficacious against the plague, and was worn for a protection from this scourge even by the high dignitaries of the Church. The mere wearing of the charm was not a sufficient protection against the malady, but certain ceremonies were also required. The piece of amber should be translucent, and, previous to being hung about the neck, should be "rubbed on the jugular artery, on the hands, wrists, near the instep, and on the throne of the heart." Let these directions be observed, and the charm was a certain preventive of the plague.

The origin of amber has ever been a subject of contention among men of science. It has been examined in every conceivable light. Its chemical constituents have been ascertained, its mechanical structure and optical properties observed, and its organic remains closely scrutinized. The results of modern research confirm the ancient opinion of its origin, that it is the semi-fossil resin of extinct conifers, an exuded vegetable juice. Baron Liebig thinks that "amber is a product of the decay of wax, or of some other substance allied to the fixed oils," basing his assertion on the presence of succinic acid, which is one of the products of the oxidation of stearic and mangaric acids. Berzelius asserts that there are two resins in the constitution of amber. Sir David Brewster says that his observation on the optical properties and mechanical construction of amber, by means of polarized light, denotes that it is an indurated vegetable juice. He thinks also that the traces of regular structure, indicated by its action on polarized light, are not the effect of the ordinary laws of crystallization, but are produced like gum-arabic and other gums known to be formed by successive depositions and induration of vegetable fluids. Not only have wood, leaves, flowers, and fruit, been found enclosed in amber, and recognized as having belonged to coniferous trees now extinct, but the substance has been found impacted in the wood which microscopists recognize as belonging to the genus *Pines*. The form of the lumps as tears, as stalactites, and generally in pieces of irregular form, corresponds with the idea of exuded resin.

The cylindrical specimens indicate successive flowings of a limpid juice over a partially-indurated surface. The perfect state in which the delicate wing-tracery of insects is preserved, shows that they were originally enveloped in a cold, limpid fluid, and not in a hot, viscous mass, such as amber would have been if acted upon by the heat of the earth. There must have been several species of amber-trees to account for the difference in density and color. Sicilian amber is usually of a deeper color than that from the Baltic. It is said that in Germany an experienced amber-worker can determine the

locality of amber from differences in its appearance. It is not always found in a hard state. An instance is recorded of a gentleman who received, from a friend living on the Baltic coast, a piece so soft as to take an impression of his seal; and another piece is described as soft on one side and hard on the other. The great size of some of the pieces seems to indicate the gigantic size of the trees from which it was formed.

The observation of amber-insects has been carefully attended to by entomologists, and more than eight hundred species of insects have been included in the different collections which have been made. Many specimens are found in a perfect state of preservation, retaining even the natural color of the imprisoned insects. Pope has satirized the seekers after these rare specimens in the well-known lines :

"Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms;
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the d—l they got there!"

But the naturalist will hardly agree with the poet in his estimation of the wonders contained within the transparent envelop, the insects, the lizards, even the fish, that swarmed in the "forest primeval." His appreciation will be more truly expressed in an epigram of Martial:

"A drop of water from the weeping plant
Fell unexpected and embalmed an ant;
The little insect we so much contemn
Is, from a worthless ant, become a gem!"

The uses of amber are not very numerous. As a material for art-carving, nothing can be more beautiful. We have already alluded to the quantity of it which is annually made into mouth-pieces for pipes and into beads, at Constantinople. The Turks and Armenians are among the best judges of amber, and the bazaar, at Stamboul, where the amber-workers are located, is full of interest to the connoisseur. For a pair of *chibouque* mouth-pieces of moderate dimensions, but well matched as to color, sums varying from one to two hundred dollars are readily given.

There are many examples of carving in amber to be found in the royal collections of Europe. In the English collection at South Kensington is an octagonal casket, belonging to the queen, the oblong plates carved with figures emblematic of the cardinal virtues. There is also in the same collection a larger casket of architectural design, very remarkable for the variety of colors of the amber used in its construction. It is ornamented with statuettes, twisted pillars, and quaint paneling, the workmanship being Flemish of the seventeenth century. An interesting specimen of modern carving in amber was shown at the International Exhibition in 1862, in the form of a vine-branch with leaves and fruit.

Amber is often seen carved into elegant forms in ancient Etruscan jewelry. Amber scarabaei alternate with others in sardonyx, as pendants to the magnificent necklace known as the Prince de Canino's, the masterpiece of the Etruscan goldsmith. Juvenal represents his patron displaying at his feast a bowl embossed with beryls, and *ri/iesi* in amber. Pliny records the fact that it was

used in imitation of all the transparent precious stones, but above all of the amethyst.

A large quantity of amber, particularly the coarser kind, is exported to China, and is used in the form of powder in incense. It is also used in the manufacture of varnishes for carriage-builders and photographers. That which is used for carriages is expensive, and is a long time in drying, but it is the hardest and most impermeable of any known varnish.

The poets have made use of amber for their choice imagery. Shakespeare alludes to the fable of Meleager, in—

"Their eyes purging thick amber."

Milton charmingly paints :

"Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids ofilles knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair."

Marlowe makes the Passionate Shepherd promise to his love :

"A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs."

Pope describes :

"Sir Flane, of amber snuffbox justly vain."

Denham sings of streams—

"Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold."

Dimond says, in "The Sailor-Boy's Dream":

"On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red corals shall grow,
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below."

Drake, in his "Culprit Fay":

"With warblings wild they led him on
To where, through clouds of amber seen,
Studded with stars resplendent, shone
The palace of the sylphid queen."

Mrs. Browning, in "The House of Clouds":

"Cloud-walls of the morning's gray,
Faced with amber column. . . .
Silence at the door shall use
Evening's light of amber."

Thus we see the origin, uses, and wonderful properties of amber; the strange and powerful superstitions connected with it, and its store of poetic wealth. The golden-colored gem is a connecting link between us and the ages which have left their impress upon it. Imagination carries us back to the past, when huge forests of amber-pines occupied what is now the bed of the Baltic. With reverential interest we look upon that era of boundless seas and other skies, changing with every passing age, and rising fresher and purer from each revolution. What was the appearance of the magic tree from whose pores "oozed this solidified sunshine?" How gigantic must have been the trunk which lifted high its lofty branches! How grand the circumference described by the far-spreading limbs! How brilliant the sunshine which distilled the gold-dropping gum! What was the leaf of this king of trees? What was its blossom? What fierce combat of the elements shivered its branches?

Here lies the witchery, the enchanting spell of amber. Fashioned through dissimilar processes, formed by concretions and

growths, the slow revolution of ages has laid it in perfection at our feet. Precious gift! rich in color, full of sunshine, twinkling in the firelight, rising in incense, mellowing and ripening in use, amulet of sorcery, it is still the mysterious gem which binds the dim poetic past with the changing, fleeting present!

EMMA M. CONVERSE

CURIOSITIES OF SOUND.

CAN there be sound where there is no hearing?

"Certainly," is the prompt reply of some; "for what is sound but vibration?"

"Certainly not," is the equally prompt reply of others; "for is not sound a sensation?"

It is both, and therefore both parties are right; the last popularly, the first philosophically. No one, whether philosopher or otherwise, questions the fact that where there is the sensation of hearing there must be sound; but the minds of some fasten so exclusively upon the "sensation," as to forget that its proximate cause is equally entitled to the name of sound (a notable instance of which is to be found in Worcester's Dictionary, excellent though it be), and therefore it may not be amiss if, while adhering faithfully to the theme noted at top, we amuse ourselves with a few facts going to prove the especial correctness of the first reply.

Sound, by which we now mean the vibrations of a sonorous medium producing upon the ear the sensation of hearing, can be seen and *felt* as well as heard, and can be seen or felt sometimes when it cannot be heard. Who has not felt the back of his pew in church quivering with certain tones of the preacher's voice, or with certain notes of the organ? Even the celebrated Julia Brace, though *stone-deaf*, as well as stone-blind, could distinguish her companions, it is said, by the peculiar vibrations attending the tread and the voice of each. And, during the recent war, it was not unusual, with those who understood the art, to watch the progress of a cannonade, too distant for the ear, by means of a hole bored in the ground, from the sides of which loosely-adhering particles would be shaken down by the inaudible sounds of the cannon. The beautiful experiment of making sounds i. e., sonorous vibrations, visible by means of a fiddle-bow drawn across the edge of a glass or metal plate, clamped in the middle and strewed with sand, is well known. And those who are familiar with that exquisite instrument, the glass cups, invented by Dr. Franklin, and named by him the Harmonicon, will recall with pleasure the beautiful system of wavelets upon the surface of the water caused by the vibration of the musical cups, and will easily believe that a close study of these wavelets might almost enable a keen-eyed observer to determine, by sight of the notes, to which they respectively belong.

But the most impressive illustration we have is a wonderful device owed mainly to the scientific ingenuity of Professor Tyndall, of London. After experimenting long with those "musical flames" so well known to

science—flames which not only utter a kind of music as a part of their being, but which leap into new life on the sounding before them of certain notes, rising, and falling, and quivering, as the notes vary—he at last devised a flame which not only recognized music, but, in part, recognized the *alphabet*, for, as he quoted poetry before it, the thing seemed almost intelligently to respond to the sound of certain letters, *bowing* to some, *nodding* to others, making a profound obeisance to others still, while some it left unnoticed. This marvellous little agent he has many a time exhibited publicly in his lectures on sound, and he calls it his "Vowel-Flame."

Another fact tending to the same general point, and a curious one it is, is that some persons of excellent hearing in the main are insensible to notes of a certain pitch. As in sight, there is what is called "color-blindness," in which the persons affected can see shape and shading, but are insensible to particular colors; so, in hearing, there is what may be called tone-deafness, in which the ear is sensitive to all sounds and modulations except those of a certain degree of acuteness. Public attention was first called to this fact by a paper of Dr. Wollaston (in "Philosophical Transactions" of 1820), and it was afterward closely studied by various men of science, among whom was the elder Herschel. Wollaston, while studying the pitch of some very acute notes, was surprised to find that his friend and companion was wholly insensible to them. His sense of hearing was perfect up to four octaves above the middle E of the piano, but beyond that it suddenly and perfectly ceased. The chirp of the English sparrow was barely within his limit of audition, but the squeak of the bat was beyond it. Sir John Herschel says: "Nothing can be more surprising than to see two persons, neither of them deaf, the one complaining of the penetrating shrillness of a sound, while the other maintains *there is no sound at all*." Professor Tyndall says: "I myself noticed a case of short-audition range in crossing the Wengern Alp in company with a friend. The grass on each side of the path swarmed with insects, which to me rent the air with their shrill chirruping. My friend heard nothing of this, the insect-music lying quite beyond his limit of audition."

This "limit of audition," alluded to by these distinguished men, has been most carefully studied, both by theory and experiment, and the result is as follows: The lowest note audible by human ears is caused by a sonorous body which vibrates 32 times in a second, and is the same in pitch as that of an organ-pipe 32* feet long, and open at both ends. The "sound-wave"—for it must be remembered that the undulations of sound, light, heat, etc., must be more or less conceived of under the analogy of water—is

also calculated to have a diameter—or, as it is usually termed, length—of 32 feet. So that, in measuring the lowest note audible by human ears, the number 32 figures three times. But, though the lower limit is thus easily ascertained, not so with the higher. By some it has been fixed at 8,200 vibrations a second; by others at 24,000; and by others carried up as high as 52,000. The shortest sound-wave known is estimated to have a diameter, or length, of half an inch. Assuming this as correct, and then breaking up the distance overpassed by sound in a second (viz., 1,125 feet) into half inches, we have 27,000 vibrations per second. These calculations, it must be admitted, are very unreliable except as approximations to the truth; but such have been the triumphs of scientific ingenuity within the last few years—making it possible, in some experiments, to measure, with mechanical exactness, the *millionths of a second*—that the day is probably not distant when the higher limit of audition, with all the parts between, will be definitely and exactly known.

With these interesting facts before us, as to the limits of human hearing, the question very naturally arises, Are these the limits also in all other animals? Is it not reasonable to suppose that bats and mice—whose ordinary "conversation-tones," if we may be allowed the expression, are too acute for the ears of many human beings—cannot only hear each other with ease, but may be able to hear notes far beyond reach of the keenest human ear? And, by parity of reason, may not the elephant and the whale be sensitive to sounds graver than our gravest, in proportion to their magnitudes?

Leaving now the class of facts connected with the question at the beginning of this article, we are attracted by another class, associated with the *velocity* of sound. Whoever listens to distant music will observe that all notes, whether high or low, soft or loud, travel with exactly the same velocity, and that even the accents and the intervals keep the same time. It is so with all sounds passing through the same medium at the same moment; whatever their nature, their velocity is the same. Yet, allow a few little changes of time, place, or circumstances, and the rate is found to be exceedingly variable. It changes with every change of the wind; it fluctuates with every rise and fall of the barometer; and, as to temperature, it is as sensitive to it as the mercury or spirits of wine in a thermometer, showing a difference of 1.14 feet for every degree of Fahrenheit. Important as these facts are, they were most strangely ignored, or at least overlooked, in all the earlier attempts to fix the average velocity of sound—so much so that the blunders were almost laughable. One experimentist, unfortunately selecting, as we may suppose, a time which reduced his rate to the lowest possible notch, and probably making a mistake even then, informed the world that sound travels at the rate of 560 feet per second. Not long afterward, a Dutch philosopher reported it at 1,474 feet. The Academy of Science at Paris fixed it for a time at 1,338. The usually exact and careful Newton put it down at 968. During the first half of the present century,

all students of physical science were taught that it is 1,442 feet. A more careful measurement, however, made by different parties at different times and places, and with all due allowance for the disturbing influences of wind, moisture, density, and temperature, has established the velocity, in dry air and at the temperature of freezing water, at 1,090 feet per second, and at 1,125 feet in air at the temperature of 62° Fahrenheit. This is the present received rate, which the late Sir John Herschel declared is "no doubt within a yard of the truth, and probably within a foot."

But these facts and figures are true only of sound travelling through *air*. Its velocity through water is 4,708 feet per second, being more than four times as great as through air. For example, if two bells be struck at the same instant—one in air at the distance of 1,125 feet, and the other in water at the distance of 4,708 feet—they will both be heard, a second afterward, by a person who has one ear in the water and the other in the open air. But there will be, at the same time, a considerable difference in the *intensity* and *pitch* of the two sounds; that travelling through water will be far less loud and less acute. Indeed, sound passing through water will not only travel much faster, but much *farther*, than through air. A pair of stones struck together under water can be heard distinctly, at half a mile's distance, by a person whose ear is immersed in the water, when the same stones, struck as violently in the air, could not be heard at half the distance.

Still more remarkable are the facts attending the passage of sound through *wood*. It is usual to meet with the statement that the scratch of a pin at one end of a piece of timber can be heard by an ear applied at the other end. But this is by no means all that may be said in the case. The writer was once present where five large beams lay, end to end, continuously on the ground, with their extremities in heavy contact. The opportunity tempted him to try the experiment, and the result was, that not only could the scratch of a pin or the ticking of a watch be heard from end to end of each piece of timber, but the scratching of a small penknife was heard distinctly through the *whole series*, at the distance of several hundred feet, for each piece was about fifty feet long. The velocity of sound travelling thus through wood is said to be eleven times greater than through air, or at the rate of more than two miles and a quarter per second; while through iron and glass it is seventeen times greater, or about three miles and three-fifths per second.

The astonishing passage of sound along a thread or small cord is familiar to almost every one, but not so all the associated facts. If the ears be stopped with the fingers, so as to exclude all sounds from the air, and a large thread or small cord be wrapped around the fingers, suspending a sonorous body of any sort, the sound passing to the ear along the cord, when the body is struck, will be almost deafening. A common fire-shovel, or an iron ramrod, will sound like a heavy cathedral-bell. Yet, strange to say, a *hand-bell*, suspended and struck in like manner, expends all its sound in the air, but sends none

* The recurrence in such close connection of the two quantities 32 times in a second, and 32 feet in distance, naturally recalls the fact that at the surface of the earth the velocity of a body, falling through a vacuum for a second of time, is estimated at 32 feet, and starts the question, Has this law of a falling body any practical connection with the lower limit of audition? or is this lower limit the same on a mountain-top, or in a deep mine, as on the surface of the earth?

to the ear; the vibrations of the cord can be distinctly heard, but not those of the bell. Again, the notes produced by these vibrating bodies upon the air are very different from those conveyed by the cord. For instance, a carpenter's iron square, suspended at the angle, and struck two-thirds of the way down, gave through the cord the note of the *lowest F* of the piano, while in the air the note was the *fifth F* above. The one almost deafened with its heavy bass; the other was almost painless from its shrill treble.

Another curious fact is the *vast number of sounds which enter the ear every moment of life*, and which are all unnoticed, except when receiving particular attention. The writer pens these lines about nine o'clock of a cool summer night. A moment since, he was conscious of no sound but the busy scratch of his pen; but, *giving ear* now to all the sounds within hearing, he himself is amazed at their number and variety. Nearest his ear is an unusual hum from his kerosene-lamp; a few feet distant are heard the tickings of a mantel-clock, underneath which, in the chimney, two crickets enliven the room with their merry chirruping; in an adjoining room is the gay prattle of children preparing for bed; from a servants' room in the yard come the softly-blended notes of an accordion, while on the neighboring trees a night-locust saws the air, in concert with fifteen or twenty katydids; and on the ground a small regiment of toads unite their discordant voices, at the same time that the buzz of a mosquito gives him warning of an intended bite upon the hand, and at the open window, attracted by the lamp, a "beetle wheels its droning flight." These ten different sounds—or rather *classes* of sound, for the toads and katydids are past numbering—are actually pouring upon his ear *simultaneously* as the pen traces these lines. Nor are these all. Who notices his own breathing, or the audible pulsations of his own heart, or the rush of blood along the veins and arteries, or the ceaseless roar of his own internal machinery, to which he is so accustomed that it is never noticed, except when he puts a finger into his ear, and thus receives the sound as he does that of the vibrating rod along the cord? Any person may judge for himself the cause of this roar by substituting, in place of his living finger, something without life—e. g., the India-rubber end of a cedar pencil. Those who profess to have tried it say that there is no sound when the ear is stopped with the finger of a corpse.

The truth is, that the whole earthly universe is replete with sound. It fills every cubic inch of air, water, and earth, within human reach. It crowds all time, both of the day and of the night, so that there is not a moment in the life of any of us in which we listen to absolute silence. Indeed, *absolute silence* is impossible at any place upon the earth, or under it, where we carry ourselves; for, when we have reached that intense solitude in which, by the cessation of other sounds, we are enabled, as by the help of a stethoscope, to hear the thump of our own hearts, and the roar of the furnace-blast in our lungs, and "the voice of many waters" in our venous and arterial canals, and the

busy whir of the various organs and intestines at work within us, we become conscious of the fact that we ourselves are vast laboratories, ever resonant with sounds which are not heard at ordinary times, simply because they are drowned in the din of surrounding tumult. It is probable that, could we be carried wholly beyond the influence of our atmosphere into the deep solitude of trans-aërial space, we should be almost terrified at the consciousness of what we had never before had any just conception—the *awfulness of ABSOLUTE SILENCE*.

F. R. GOULDING.

A POET'S HOME.

IN the greenest part of green Ireland, just near enough to the enchanted circle of Killarney to echo its legendary charm, a kingly ruin lifts its ivy-crowned head upon the banks of the storied Blackwater. Aside from the glimmer of romance common to all the old castles that make fair Ireland like a volume of the grandest mediæval epics, it has an individual beauty which it owes not to its gray turrets, nor to its rich ivy mantle, nor to the ill-omened voices of rooks that are heard day and night about its ancient walls. But, among all the poetic places of the earth, this stands preeminent forth. Other places may be poetic in a greater or less degree, but this is essentially so, for here a poet lived, here rejoiced, here sorrowed, from here fled, and here embodied his entire existence in one long, sweet song. Here Edmund Spenser wrote the "Faerie Queene." And, if it be true, as has been so well said, that the influence of a poet's home may be traced throughout his poems, then surely Spenser owes no small portion of the beauty of his work to the sweet weird spot, where even now exist things that are seen nowhere else; as if the harmless woodland tribe, having no longer a home in the hearts of men, had gathered here in confidence, that the poet's soul would watch over them.

What wonder, then, that all the beautiful place seems alive with the creations of their master's fancy. What wonder that the grand old trees in the fair, broad avenues should suggest to us by sound and shape the stately measures of the Faerie Queene, or that we should know instinctively that the dainty ripples of verse which sometimes break through the statelier lines were but the unknown reminiscence in the poet's mind, of the softer sighings of fern and mistletoe, both the outgrowth of sturdy oaks? If these meek-eyed deer could speak, would they not reveal to us how each of them contains a fair soul, perhaps such a one as Una's, imprisoned there to present to the eyes of men the epitome of the poet's allegory? It would not seem strange now, nor hardly unlooked for, with the shadow of these sweet thoughts upon us, to see Queen Gloriana herself, guarded by her faithful troop of phantom knights, move slowly up the avenue so worthy even of a royal foot, with the tuneful rushing of the river below for martial music. The river is as bright and happy now, and has as many shadows low-lying in its depths, and as many spotted trout gleaming in the sunshine, as

when the poet sat by its side, under the trees, with Sir Walter Raleigh for friend and kindly critic, and read aloud, day by day, to his loving audience of birds and trees and flowers, the manuscript of the "Faerie Queene." It was a poet's thankfulness that called forth the poem. For, when Queen Elizabeth put into the hand of the humble rhymers the patent that made him lord of the broad domain of Kilcolman, what could he, a poor writer of sonnets, do to prove his gratitude to his lady sovereign? But he crossed over to this same Irish estate, and there, in the quiet happiness that his poetic nature found in the singing river and historic castle, his feelings took form in the creation of Queen Gloriana, his royal patroness. What happier return could a poet make for such gift than by embodying the very essence of its beauty and significance in undying verse, and sending it back to the giver in its newer, worthier shape?

But sadder times came to the poor poet. Perhaps it was the foreshadowing of the future that caused him to say, in the midst of one of his most joyous moods, "Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a briar." The grand old castle had a weight of association upon it that was destined to be the cause of its downfall and that of its owner. The rebel Earl of Desmond, whose fathers had held the estate for generations, had been defeated, and his lands had been seized by the English. But, when they passed into the possession of Edmund Spenser, the earl swore to regain his ancestral domain. Counting upon the adherence of the peasantry of Mallow, he attacked the castle one summer night, fired it, scattered all the fairy population, and broke the spell that the Faerie Queene herself had woven about the gray walls. Spenser's only child perished in the flames; and the poet himself, all his ambitions gone, all his idols cast down, all his happy dreamland-life wrested from him, fled to London, and died there soon after, heart-broken.

That is why the "Faerie Queene" was never finished, and that is why, too, if you go to the beautiful wild spot and brood awhile over the sweet pastoral life that was lived there, you will be conscious of the charm of a tender sadness that hangs over all the place. Even the ivy will seem to clasp the gray ruin more lovingly than other gray ruins are clasped. The air will be full of faint, sighing voices, so faint indeed that, unless you are far-seeing and far-hearing as the poet himself, you will think it only the wind making mournful music among the trees; but, if you listen closer and closer yet, you will know at last that they are the voices of weeping spirits, sorrowing over the doom that compels them to haunt the place of their creation, waiting for the touch of the master-hand to set them free. Their sorrow will pass away, the end will have come, when the "Faerie Queene" shall be finished. Perhaps it may never happen so. But it is pleasanter to believe in the fulfilment of the prophecy of a singer whose notes, though later, are deep and tender as Spenser's own:

"No beauty nor good nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for
the melodist,
When eternity confirms the conceptions of an
hour."



TENNYSON'S GARDENER'S DAUGHTER.—DRAWN BY MISS MARY HALLOCK.

FOR up the porch there grew an Eastern rose,
That, flowering high, the last night's gale had caught,
And blown across the walk. One arm aloft—
Gowned in pure white, that fitted to the shape—
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood.
A single stream of all her soft brown hair
Poured on one side; the shadow of the flowers
Stole all the golden gloss, and, wavering—
Lovingly lower, trembled on her waist—
Ah, happy shade!—and still went wavering down,

But, ere it touched a foot that might have danced
The greensward into greener circles, dipped,
And mixed with shadows of the common ground!
But the full day dwelt on her brows, and sunned
Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe bloom,
And doubled his own warmth against her lips,
And on the bounteous wave of such a breast
As never pencil drew. Half light,
Half shade, she stood, a sight to make an old man young.

—“*The Gardener's Daughter*,” by ALFRED TENNYSON.

ENGLISH SERVANTS.

THE scale of living among the wealthier classes in England to-day is quite as lavish and infinitely more comfortable than at any previous period.

In fact, the combination of splendor and comfort which it presents has probably never before been known in the world's history. It could scarcely be compassed with any amount of wealth here, depending, as it is in a great degree does, upon the peculiar financial and social condition of the different classes which compose the English community.

The great *noblesse*, and indeed many wealthy commoners, maintain establishments nearly as large as those of their feudal forefathers. Many keep a hundred servants in and about the house.

Here is a list of what would be found in the household of a wealthy peer of the highest class of fortune:

House-steward.....	\$1,000 a year.
Butler.....	750 "
Under-butler.....	250 "
Groom of the chambers.....	300 "

We may remark, *par parenthèse*, that the principal duties of this last functionary are to see that the requisite writing-materials are in all the sitting and bed rooms, and, where there are fifty rooms and a constant flow of visitors, this really gives him something to do; but, taking the year through, his duties are by no means overwhelming, for in London they are principally confined to seeing that his mistress is well supplied with visiting-cards, and waiting at dinner.

To resume the list:

My lord's valet.....	\$300 a year.
Three footmen, each	150 "
and their livery, and allowance for powder for their hair.	
Hall-porter.....	150 "
Usher of the hall.....	125 "

This is a domestic only found in very large establishments; his special avocation is to attend to the servants' hall, and keep it in proper order, and he rarely appears above-stairs unless the whole force of the establishment is needed, when he files into line with the footmen.

Finally, there is the steward's-room boy, who is a general "scrub," and waits on "the room," as the house-keeper's room is termed *par excellence*. "The room" is an institution peculiar to Great Britain. The etiquette observed there, as in all departments of English "high life below-stairs," is truly terrific.

Only a very limited number of a household enjoy the privilege of the *entrée* to this exclusive retreat.

These are the steward, the butler, and any other servants who don't wear livery, and, among the feminine portion of the household, the house-keeper and ladies'-maids. Where there is a man-cook, he also partakes of this paradise.

"The room" is a snug parlor, neatly carpeted and warmly curtained. An old-fashioned, spacious, chintz-covered sofa, an arm-

chair or two, and a number of cane-bottomed ditto, comprise the furniture. The walls are hung with prints from family portraits, such as the duke, when Marquis of Steyne, in the midst of the Steyne hunt, with huntsmen and hounds around him—the late duchess, from the portrait of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Much of the wall is covered by presses well filled with linen and preserves. Oh, that apricot-jam of our youth! A very cheery retreat is "the room" on a winter's evening. Enter tired, after hunting, about five o'clock, and tell Mrs. Rouncewell—you are, of course, an *habitue* of the castle—that you've come to beg for a cup of her delicious tea, and you'll get such a brew, with such cream and such buttered toast—all buttered toast on this side of the Atlantic is a mere mockery of it—as you won't forget in a hurry; and Mrs. Rouncewell will put you in her easy-chair, and, when she has made you thoroughly comfortable, will begin to talk about "the family," whose history she has at her fingers'-ends, and the old lady's reminiscences are so entertaining that you start chatting and listening until the dressing-bell rings, and you hurry up to take off your dirty shooting-gear and get ready for dinner.

Dressing for dinner is little trouble, for, even if you've no servant of your own, all is arranged for you.

A glorious fire is blazing in the grate. A sofa is wheeled round to the fire, on which a careful hand has arranged all you can require for your evening toilet; a huge easy-chair, on whose back reclines your dressing-gown, is beside it; wax-candles gleam before the ample mirror; and a big pitcher of Menton's prettiest ware steams at the wash-hand stand. Your letters, which have arrived by the evening's post, are laid out on the table.

The women-servants are far more numerous than the men:

House-keeper.....	\$300 a year.
Ladies'-maids.....	150 "
and perquisites in dress.	
Cook, if a man.....	500 "
If a woman.....	350 "
Still-room maid.....	100 "
Nurses varying from.....	50 to 200 "
Three house-maids.....	100 " 150 "
Three laundry-maids.....	75 " 200 "
Two kitchen-maids.....	75 " 100 "
Scullery-maid.....	50 " 75 "
Two dairy-maids.....	75 " 100 "

And one or two nondescript "hangers-on," servants, in fact, who too often do more than half the work.

These hangers-on, be it observed, are of both sexes, and it requires much vigilance to prevent the number of "odd" men and "odd" women about large places increasing. In Ireland it is almost impossible.

The organization and proper management of these very large households are not only a great expense, but often entail great trouble.

"Then why have them?" may naturally be asked.

The answer is, that they are part and parcel of the prevailing structure of the hereditary system and "high life" in England.

For instance, through the length and breadth of the land there is scarcely to be found a man of simpler tastes and habits than

Lord Derby, but he has been born to a famous title, and a million of dollars a year, and *noblesse* obliges him to maintain an establishment commensurate therewith.

Again, the hospitable customs of great houses entail it. People may have little for their servants to do at one time, but a great deal at another.

There are a few households where the men-servants are so numerous that some of them never have to wait unless there are more than sixteen sitting down to their master's table. Then, again, for a few weeks, the house will be crammed with company, twenty-two or twenty-six sitting down to dinner every night, and the whole establishment will really work hard.

It must also be remembered that, to have every thing as perfectly done as it is done in first-rate establishments, requires a large staff.

First-rate English men-servants never rush about, bang doors, knock over chairs, or commit the various other unpleasant eccentricities which we suffer at the hands of our Hibernian waiters in this country; and one reason is, that they are never hurried. There is in their work, as in every thing else in England, immense division of labor, and each man becomes perfect in his allotted task.

See that young footman with a hot plate in his hand, which is burning a hole in his finger; he will hand it properly, nevertheless. The stern eye of his general-in-chief, the butler, is upon him, and he dares not drop it, as our own Patrick would do, with a howl.

The fall of a plate would disturb the repose of dinner. My lord's digestion would suffer, my lady would be agitated, and Bayward, the great "diner-out," would remark, at the next house he went to stay in, that the dinner was very badly managed at Rubadub Castle, and the footmen knocked the plates about.

One sometimes very exasperating effect of this division of labor is, that servants will die rather than do any work which they consider does not belong to them.

Ask a butler to lay the school-room cloth, and tears of indignation will well up into that functionary's eyes. Tell the footman to wash the door-steps, and he will give warning on the spot, with a voice choking with silent rage.

And here is a reason why so few good English men-servants like to come to the United States. Many people expect of them services which they would never be expected to perform at home, often what they consider women's work—washing down stoops, cleaning parlors, and such-like. This is what they will not do; but, humor them a little, and they are, in most respects, the best servants in the world, although wanting in the power of readily adapting themselves to new circumstances.

Of course, the establishment we have been describing is one of the very largest. There are probably about two hundred on such a scale. But there are many more nearly as large.

The usual number of in-door men-servants in an affluent household is four, with about ten women-servants, but the number of the

latter varies very much according to the number of ladies in a family.

About twelve years ago several proprietors of very large households awoke to the conviction that they were being ruthlessly plundered, and forthwith instituted a rigid reform.

One wealthy duke went so far as to enter into a contract with his major-domo to supply him with every thing at a fixed price, and the story goes that, when some one was staying at D——n Castle, in the Highlands, he was astonished, on calling for soda-water one night, to learn that none was to be had. He was subsequently informed by his own valet, who made private inquiries down-stairs, that it "had been accidentally omitted from the contract."

One of the most notoriously badly-managed houses was that of the late Duke of Devonshire, son of the celebrated Georgiana, commemorated by Macaulay.

Once a gentleman who was staying at Chatsworth, the duke's princely seat in Derbyshire, observed the shameful negligence of the domestics toward strangers, and thought it right to mention the subject to his host.

The duke heard him out, and, when his friend had concluded, said—in a voice which seemed to imply, "What am I to do?"—"Just like 'em, just like 'em;" but there the matter ended.

Toward the end of his life he had a gentleman of good birth and position to reside with him and manage his establishment; but, notwithstanding, the butler somehow contrived to speculate to the amount of seven thousand five hundred dollars!

Of course, in these very large houses, the owners are obliged to trust very much to up-
per servants. If they are reliable (and, when carefully selected, they generally are so), all goes properly; but, if they are not, there is generally much which is very wrong going on.

It is in smaller establishments that the most thorough order, regularity, and comfort, are to be found—houses where from eight to fourteen servants are kept. Here the mistress of the mansion personally superintends all, knows the history of each domestic, and takes an interest in them.

There is no happier, better-ordered, more refined, and more thoroughly comfortable home, than that of the English country-gentleman dwelling on paternal acres, from which he derives from twenty to fifty thousand dollars a year.

In Ireland the servants are very bad—a fact which personal experience here enables many of us fearfully to realize.

The head servants in the better class of establishments in Ireland are usually English.

Irish servants, as a general rule, are so unmethodical that they do not get through half the work of the English, and they have a most tiresome tendency toward lying. The wages are full twenty-five per cent. lower than in England.

We have hitherto been considering only in-door servants. The stable establishment is often very expensive. Sometimes, in the case of hunting-stables, as many as fifteen men are kept.

The expenses of a pack of hounds are estimated altogether at fifteen thousand dollars a year, but very few persons pay exclusively for a pack. They are usually more or less maintained by subscription. Then, again, gardens take a large sum, and in many places from four to twelve persons are employed in this way.

Servants in gentlemen's houses almost always come from the peasant class, and in the first instance get a place through the clergyman's or squire's wife.

The dream of the London butler is a snug lodging-house in the region of the clubs in London.

In fact, Ruggles, in "Vanity Fair," very faithfully illustrates their notions in this respect.

All about the district called "Club-land" in London may be found numbers of Ruggles's kind, and very snug and comfortable they make you. Take a lodging in Park Place, St. James, for instance, give a little dinner, and you will find all done as nicely as the most fastidious taste can require, and presently you will discover that your landlord, who waited so admirably, was the Marquis of Carabas's "own man," and that those cutlets which your critical guest pronounced "undeniable" were by the hand of your lady, to whom the superlative dinners at Carabas Castle owed their reputation.

Would that some of these admirable couples would immigrate and set up lodgings-houses here! The heart, ay, and other tender portions of the New-York bachelor, yearn for such as these in lieu of that plentiful supply of raw material from the sister isle which smashes our favorite crockery and spoils Nature's choicest gifts in attempting to cook them.

R. LEWIN.

ART SCHOOLS IN SOUTHERN GERMANY.

IN one of the most beautiful parks of the Old World there rises, on a slight eminence, a vast building, presenting to the south a line of immense windows, and filled in winter with the magnificent old orange-trees of the Royal Gardens. Hence its name of the Orangerie, by which the good people of Stuttgart, the capital of Württemberg, designate the noble structure. During the summer months of the year 1872, however, the building contained treasures of vastly greater import for the little kingdom than the costliest exotics and the rarest plants of the world. Every five years an exposition is held there of a special class of schools, the usefulness of which cannot be well overrated, whether we look at the tangible results shown in this great hall, or at the influence they exercise on the taste and the wealth of the people.

From time immemorial the people of Southern Germany have exhibited rare talents for the higher branches of mechanical arts. No traveller through Swabia and the lands on the Rhine can help being struck with the exquisite beauty of villas and villagers' houses, while railway-stations, and

even the flag-keepers' little huts, are often real masterpieces of architecture, and loaded with a profusion of admirable wood-carving. Swiss carvings are familiar to most of us; but the wealth of ornamentation with which the modern houses of Germany are decked is a matter of wonder and admiration to all new-comers. From majestic Berlin in the north to the smallest village in the south these new structures show in every feature of their architecture a master's hand: lintel and coping, window-frames and cornices, are cunningly carved by skillful stone-masons; front and sides are covered with frescoes-paintings in subdued colors and classic patterns; and in suitable places, over the wide entrance-gate or in well-arranged medallions, the sculptor finds room for a noble statue or a portrait-bust. Nor is this love of ornament limited to the great and the rich; the humblest house has its galleries with richly-carved railings and graceful cornices, and even the vintner's modest hut in a cucumber-field has its few tidbits of rich coloring and delicate carvings.

The skill which has placed all these sources of enjoyment, these etchings of beauty which remain "a joy forever" to the educated eye, within reach of all, is the result partly of an innate love of the beautiful granted from on high to most Southern nations, and partly of an admirable system of education which finds its expression in the above-mentioned exhibition. For long years the little kingdom of Württemberg has been famous among German principalities for its Sunday drawing-schools, frequented by mechanics of all degrees, from the youthful apprentice to the hoary master. Here, during the hours not devoted to divine services, volunteer teachers, enthusiasts for their art, met their volunteer pupils, and taught them drawing in all its various branches. The time was necessarily very limited, and hence, for many years, no real artistic skill could be obtained in these schools except by a few rare children of genius. The hard, coarse work of the week often destroyed the delicate touch required for holiday labors, and the eye alone could be permanently benefited.

It was not until the year 1854 that the general interest felt in this kind of instruction by men of influence and far-seeing statesmen on one side, and by the eager, ambitious mechanics of town and country alike on the other side, led to the establishment of regular evening or night schools for the same purpose. It was a noble sight to watch the weary artisan and the hard-working mechanic come hither after a day's incessant labor, still anxious to improve, to learn, and to benefit others as well as himself. Youths of barely fifteen, sturdy men in the full vigor of their strength, and old gray-haired masters, all met here as humble pupils to teach the stiff fingers new and rare skill, to train the eye to perceive unsuspected beauties, and to reproduce with the brush or the burin, the hammer or the saw, the masterpieces of great artists. The schools were overcrowded; soon one hundred and twenty-five such institutions sprang up in the small kingdom; the indispensable expenses of room-hire, gas, models, etc., were cheerfully borne by the eager learn-

ers, and ere long the results appeared in every town and every village. Low, dark huts were replaced by bright, cheerful houses; dirty mud-walls reappeared as bright, stuccoed surfaces, to which a few sparing bits of color gave light and beauty; the low door with its stone seat displayed a modest garland of well-carved flowers, to take in winter the place of the vine and the clematis; and neat little summer-houses arose, as if by magic, in every garden. Far greater, of course, was the change in towns and cities, where entire new quarters were built in the improved style of architecture, giving the mason, the painter, and the sculptor, ample opportunity to display their newly-acquired skill. But the most cheering encouragement came when the great London Exhibition revealed to the astonished multitude the beauty and the skill displayed in the workmanship of mechanics trained in these Würtemberg schools, when prize after prize was obtained by their pupils, and when, finally, sensible Englishmen actually sent their most talented workmen to learn the secret of such great success, the joy and the pride of the people knew no bounds.

The immediate effect was the extension of the facilities heretofore offered only at night and during a few Sunday hours. Every school in the land above the humblest arranged a large hall, which was kept open on one day of the week to all who chose to avail themselves of the opportunity. Then winter courses of six months' duration were added for the benefit of laborers whose work ceased with the fine season. Finally a class of special schools sprang up, under the name of *Fortbildungs-Schulen*—literally schools for further advancement—to which all had free access who wished to profit by its instruction, and who were willing to pay the small fee required. For, as in the excellent public schools of the kingdom, so in these technical schools also, the principle was adhered to that he who could must pay, since no one values much what is given away without price. Those really unable to pay even the small fee required here and in all public schools, find no difficulty in being admitted gratuitously, and thus education may be said to be virtually free throughout the land, from the village-school to the universities. In the case of the industrial schools the state pays one-half of the expenses, and the community in which the school is placed the other half, and nothing can speak more forcibly of the usefulness of these institutions, and the good sense of the people in appreciating their worth, than the fact that there are now four hundred such *Fortbildungs* schools in operation.

It was soon found that the eagerness with which instruction was sought, and the endless varieties of subjects for which pupils called, required a subdivision in the general purposes of those schools. They divided in the larger towns into a mercantile department, where book-keeping, the laws of exchange (very complicated on the Continent), modern languages, telegraphing, etc., were taught, and an industrial department for geometry, physics, chemistry, mechanics, and the so-called fine arts. What deserves special praise is the fact that, with a view to the true interests

of the other sex, special schools of this kind are established for married and unmarried women, and the benefits arising from the sources of lucrative employment thus opened to deserving and well-qualified women can hardly be overrated.

Every five or six years all these *Fortbildung* schools unite in holding a general exhibition, such as was held in 1872 in the city of Stuttgart. Separate alcoves are allotted to each district, and within the narrow compass each town or village has again its small space to itself. Here are shown not only the best that each school can boast of, but the actual working-books, drawings, and daily tasks of the pupil, inscribed with his name. This creates naturally an eager competition; district vies with district, school with school, and pupil with pupil. The exhibition is visited by thousands; the king and his court never fail to inspect every part of it minutely; anxious friends and relatives crowd around the tables of their native place; artists and masters of every handicraft come from abroad to see and to learn; and foreigners examine with growing interest these works of humble, unlearned workmen. No branch of mechanical industry is wanting in this admirable collection, from the horseshoe to the artistic bronze, from the mason's rough centre-stone to the sculptor's bust. The locksmith shows his new combination-lock, and the draughtsman his new patterns for calicoes and silks. Models abound in wax and in clay, in stone and in precious metals. The younger pupils content themselves with faithful copies of masterpieces, but many an exhibitor of barely fifteen already ventures to send his newly-invented problem in mixed mathematics, his original model of carving, or an etching of his own invention. In the purely ornamental departments female pupils excel naturally by native taste and a keener sense of the beautiful, and many are thus trained to compete with experienced artists for the very lucrative places of draughtsmen in great factories. Nor are the domestic wants neglected: cooking for the house and brewing for the multitude, the making of inlaid floors for the parlor, and the building of palaces and great institutions, are all thoroughly taught, as well as the art of the landscape-gardener, the horticulturist, and the florist. Agriculture alone is excluded, as that is taught in special schools, such as Hohenheim, which have already obtained a world-wide reputation.

SCHELE DE VERE.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

EVERY year, in the month of December, the English newspapers regularly announce, as a subject of national concern, the performance of the Latin play in the old dormitory of Westminster School. Without pretending to any great admiration for the "speech system" which seems to be so universal in the great English public schools, it is impossible not to admire and respect this time-honored celebration. As far back as the days of Queen Elizabeth, who herself expressed the wish that the boys educated on her

foundation (to this day called queen's scholars) might "enact the plays of Terence"—"quo *juventus*," as the queen wrote, "tum *actioni* tum *pronunciationi* decenti melius se *acquiescat*"—this Latin play was a regular institution, the remnant, without doubt, of the performances with which, in medieval times, the religious feasts and festivals of the Church were observed, and which were conceived in the same spirit as the miracle-plays themselves.

Moreover, this Westminster exhibition had, from the first, a distinct educational purpose. Nowell, the famous Dean of St. Paul's, from 1561 to 1601—the man who, for thirty years, preached before Elizabeth, dealing with her plainly and faithfully, "without dislike" (except, perhaps, on one occasion, when she desired the dean to "retire from that ungodly digression and return to the text")—was the first to introduce the reading of Terence into the school, for the better training of the boys in a pure style of Latin. This gives a reason for the Latin play at Westminster, and removes many of the objections urged by competent authorities against the practice of boys reciting dramatic scenes as a test of scholarly fitness. The plays acted of late years by the queen's scholars have been the "Andria," "Phormio," "Eunuchus," and "Adelphi," of Terence; and years ago, as a sort of innovation, the "Triumnum" of Plautus was played, with a Latin prologue and epilogue, reflecting, in a humorous vein, on the passing events of the day. The "getting up of the play," when pursued on the principles in vogue at Westminster, becomes a process of legitimate instruction, as well as a preparation for amusement. The comedy selected to form the subject of the winter performance is agreed upon at the very commencement of the winter half of the academic year. The actors are, in virtue of immemorial usage, almost without exception drawn from the three "first forms" or classes in the school. And the play chosen is punctually read, with the boys selected, as one of the regular classical text-books—read as critically and as thoroughly as any author can be. These are the first steps, and very useful they seem to be. Far better for boys to master one subject thoroughly than to amass an imperfect smattering of thrice the quantity. It would be impossible, moreover, to select a Latin author whose works would be more exactly fitted to accomplish the ends contemplated than the Roman dramatist in question. Terence, for elegance of expression and idiomatic grace, may safely be pronounced unrivaled. Exactly six weeks before the 10th of December the play has been put in careful rehearsal; and, even previously to this, those gentlemen elected to take part in the performance have been carefully and diligently committing to memory the most notable of its passages. These rehearsals and oral repetitions, at the Westminster Theatre, are no slipshod business. Special attention is paid to the one grand item of elocution—would that actors of loftier pretensions might take lessons from the young amateurs in this respect!—and careless pronunciation is severely dealt with and rooted out by the masters superintending the production of the play. By-and-

by comes the rehearsal before the head-master, who, as a sort of court of final appeal, second only to that which the guests themselves will compose on the three nights on which the play is performed in public, suggests such alterations and modifications in the young actors' styles as he may judge necessary. Lastly, are the performances in public, which always take place upon the second Thursday in December, and the Monday before and after that day, in the quaint old school-building known as the Dormitory. It is right to mention here that no unwarrantable expense is entailed upon the pupils or their parents by the cost of dresses and scenic arrangements. In this respect, too, the Westminster play admits of favorable comparison. The earliest regular scenery of the stage was arranged by Garrick, and presented by Archbishop Markham; but this has been changed for other more elaborate scenery by Professor Cockerell, the Royal Academician—himself an old Westminster boy. All the more expensive costumes—which are reproductions of the dresses of the Roman forum—are traditional heirlooms, handed down from generation to generation of Westminster scholars, and produced annually on the great occasion. The less costly portions of the theatrical wardrobe are purchased by the players themselves; and the incidental expenses, such as the hiring of the stage, printing, etc., are defrayed by the collective contributions of the forty Queen's scholars, and the burden is consequently of the lightest description. One of the great purposes which the play serves—and herein, in a small way, does the public-school system of England proclaim its usefulness—is, that it forms, to a great body of old Westminster boys, a kind of annual rendezvous—a festival at which any one of the past generation of school-boys may be sure of meeting a whole host of his contemporaries.

Big Ben, from the great clock-tower of Westminster, booms seven on that identical Thursday in December, when the doors of the old Dormitory are thrown open with a lusty swing, and the head-master, accompanied by a retinue of illustrious guests and old pupils, sweeps into the chamber, in all the magnificence of academical array, to the seats of honor allotted to them. Ticket-receivers, box-keepers, check-takers, programme-distributors—all Westminster boys—are rigidly arrayed in evening-dress; and the cap and gown, which is the distinguishing badge of the Queen's scholars, are worn by the foundationers. The chamber, some one hundred and sixty feet long by twenty-five wide, the walls of which are by no means beautiful, being thickly covered with the chiselled names of "old boys," is furnished with rows of couches for the company. At the upper end, of course, is the stage. The two front rows of seats are occupied by the special celebrities of the evening; those next by old Westminster boys, with such ladies as grace the performance with their presence, and the masters; then rises a sort of gallery for the ignoble *vulgar* of the company; behind this again, out in the cold, are the rank and file of Westminster School, ready to lead off with applause on the slightest provoca-

tion. The curtain rises on the prologue. This is written, as a general thing, by the head-master, and is spoken by the head-boy or captain of the school. Serious in its vein, felicitous in its allusions, elegant in composition, the Latin prologue at Westminster is as intelligible to those of the audience to whom Latin is a sealed tongue, as the neatest piece of English poetry ever written. This may seem mere assertion, but it is not so, and arises entirely from the faultless pronunciation and sympathetic intonation with which the boy delivers his Latin. After this the play. Latin comedies are about the same. No plot, in the sense we use the word; and a wearisome sameness as regards the characters in the piece. However, this matters little to the uncritical audience at Westminster. There is much applause from every one, and every one is, therefore, satisfied. The Westminster play, without its epilogue, to Westminster boys, would be like turkey without the "fixings" to ourselves. Both prologue and epilogue are thought of sufficient excellence to be printed yearly, at full length, in the London *Times*; and one has only to take up the files of that newspaper to assure one's self of the purity and grace of their composition. Brimful of happy allusions to felicitous novelties of expression, and of that audacious *abandon* of Latinity exactly suited to such an occasion, and permissible only to a really good scholar, they fairly claim to rank as rare specimens of classical composition. The *corps dramatique* of St. Peter's College, at Westminster, do their work to perfection; and, without essaying to consider the advantages or otherwise of permitting youth to occupy a portion of the time that should be devoted to study to "getting up" stage-plays, we venture to think the custom of the Westminster play a good one, and scarcely open to the objections sometimes urged against it.

CHARLES E. PASCOE.

THE LOST DIAMOND.

THE brilliants of the jewellers' shops give little or no notion of the appearance of diamonds in the rough. A few specimens are found that are by Nature's own hand polished to a degree that shows something of their real beauty, but the majority of these stones are, when found in their native earth, covered with an uninviting crust, which obscures their real character.

The diamonds of Brazil were for years thrown away by the gold-miners, who had no idea of what they were losing until taught by a traveller who had visited the diamond-mines of India.

So, in the gold-mines of Georgia, it is highly probable that many diamonds were found which were prized only as pretty pebbles, and consequently thrown away, or kept only for a time as curiosities. It is said that a few stones found when the mines were in full operation, some twenty or more years ago, were actually proved to be diamonds, and there is every reason to believe that the statement is true; not merely because of the frequent association of diamonds with gold,

but from the fact that in the Georgia gold-region an immense ledge of itacolumite has been discovered. This itacolumite is a sort of elastic sandstone, which is recognized as the matrix of the diamond. But to our story:

A gentleman who was employed as overseer in a mine near Gainesville, frequently noticed "pretty stones" or pebbles in the sands of the pannings for gold. When the day's work was over, he would take some of these home to his wife, who in turn gave them to the children as playthings, and they were thus generally lost. Some of the larger ones were saved for the time being, but no value was attached to them, and, as the sequel shows, they ultimately shared the fate of the others. The largest one of these stones was found in one of the pits by the same gentleman, who was working in the place of a sick hand, and no sooner found than lost. Being hard pushed to keep the wheelbarrows filled with the gold-gravel, so as to furnish constant work for the washers, he laid the stone on the bank by a gum-tree, intending to take it home at night, as being the largest of the "pretty stones" yet found. When night came, tired and hurried, he forgot all about it, and the stone was lost before he thought of looking for it again.

Soon after this occurrence, the mining operations at that place were discontinued, his family was separated by the death of his wife, and he went into business in a Southern city.

In about twelve years from that time he was shown a rough diamond, and at once decided that the stones he had found at the Gainesville gold-mine were the same precious mineral. He sought his daughter, who had become possessed of the household effects that were brought from the mining district, but she had no knowledge of the stones that had been gathered. They were gone. He went to the mine and looked long and anxiously for the stone by the gum-tree. No tree was there. The ground had been cleared and cultivated in corn for ten years. In vain he looked for any sign of the place. All traces of the spot he sought had vanished. For weeks and months he searched; he dug, and scraped, and washed the gravel, but to no purpose; the stone could not again be found.

From his description of its character, there are strong probabilities that this stone was a diamond, and, being as he said, about as large as a "guinea-egg," would, if perfect, have been valued, if the old rule should have been followed, at about ten million dollars.

JOHN H. SNIVELY.

FLOWERS IN WINTER.

THE taste for flowers in winter is rapidly increasing with the advent of hot-air furnaces and base-burners, which keep the fire burning for months. It is a common belief that flowers cannot be made to flourish in furnace-heated rooms. Experience has proved that this is an error, at least when the furnace air-chamber is supplied with water for evaporating, and no others are fit to

use. As private conservatories are generally conducted, they are a great expense and a vexation to the heads of families. They are generally placed at some little distance from the house, all their sides exposed to the weather, and consequently the consumption of coal is great, and then one or more functionaries are considered necessary for taking care of them. Managed in this way, they can never become a common luxury. A well-built room, twelve feet by twelve, on the south side of the dwelling-house, can be warmed in winter, by a single register from the furnace, to 70° Fahr. in the daytime, and 40° or 50° at night, and this will suffice for roses, geraniums, heliotropes, ivies, petunias, mignonette, pansies, jasmine (grandiflora), callas, the daphne odora, fuchsias, salvias, gloxinias, hyacinths, and many others. Caladiums and begonias require a night temperature from 55° to 65°. The room should have half the roof, and all the south end, covered with double sashes, and the tables for flower-pots should have a border three or four inches high to hold moss for the pots to stand in. This moss holds considerable water, and its evaporation keeps the atmosphere sufficiently moist. The floor should be of hard pine, and oiled with coal-oil once a month. After each day's sprinkling, the floor is easily wiped dry in a minute or so; besides, the tables may be edged with half a width of oiled-cloth stair-covering; and this, held up while sprinkling, will drain all the water back into the moss. Such a conservatory can be easily taken care of by one young lady, and it will give more delight and healthy occupation than all the crocheting and embroidered pen-wiper making in a whole volume of fashion magazines. When there is reporting to be done, a newspaper spread on the floor will preserve it from the soil. Where ladies manage conservatories, they keep them clean and inviting, and there is sure to be space enough in the centre for at least two friends to sit and converse, while their senses are charmed by the odor, color, and form around them. What can be more desirable, when the earth is cold and barren, than such a little Eden in the household?

For the insects that attack house-plants there should be kept a cup of carbolic soap-suds with a little swab in it, and the plant touched with this wherever there are signs of vermin. A little vigilance will keep the plants quite free from them. Such a conservatory is within the reach of most families in comfortable circumstances; and even the poor, who have a south window and a stove that keeps the fire, can, by the aid of a mosquito, keep thirty or forty plants in good condition the year round.

CONCERNING CIGARS.

THE custom of smoking tobacco-leaves, in the shape of cigars and cigarettes, seems to have originated among the Indians of Cuba and San Salvador, from whom it was derived by the first Spanish colonists, whose descendants afterward introduced it into Europe.

In the earlier part of the sixteenth century it was the fashion in and around Seville—and, in fact, throughout Andalusia—to cul-

tivate tobacco-plants in the gardens adjoining private residences, and to have the leaves rolled and prepared on the spot, in true Indian style.

Such gardens, or plantations, were called *cigarrales*—i. e., places where the locust sings, that insect (*cigarras*) being very common in Spain. As every individual of means took especial pride in raising the best tobacco, and in smoking none but the products of his own home-manufacture, the phrase, "Este cigarro es de mi cigarral" (this cigar comes from my garden), was soon adopted into general use, and the newly-coined word gradually found its way into other languages, with but slight modifications.

Cigar-smoking was not common, however, until the beginning of the present century, when the consumption of tobacco in every form suddenly attained enormous proportions, and became an important source of revenue for several countries.

It has always been, and probably ever will be, the common belief that the best cigars are made in Cuba, and this is true in a certain measure. Previous to the year 1820, the manufacture of cigars on that island was monopolized by the government, but, since then, it has been thrown open to all; and, owing to the incessant demands made upon the Cuban market, there is hardly any real competition among the manufacturers.

The *Cabañas* brands seem, however, to bring somewhat higher prices than those of any other house, the best cigars from that manufacture occasionally selling for fifty cents apiece in Havana, or twenty-five cents at wholesale.

Besides the immense quantity sold for exportation, over *fourteen hundred million* cigars are annually smoked on the island of Cuba alone.

The cigar manufacture is a government monopoly in the Philippine Islands. The best tobacco is raised in the northern portions of the island of Luzon, and is cultivated under the immediate supervision of Spanish officials and agents, who buy it directly from the planters.

There are three principal manufactories; the largest is at Manila, and employs seven thousand women and twelve hundred men, all of whom are paid by the piece, to insure greater expedition and better work. The other two average about four thousand hands each.

Nearly one hundred and twenty-five million cigars, and a proportionately large number of cheroots and cigarettes, are annually exported from the Philippine Islands.

The colonies affording better opportunities and more advantages for the culture and preparation of the valuable leaf, but few manufactories have been established in Spain itself. Yet those that have been started have nearly all continued in successful operation, and the one at Seville has gained a world-wide reputation.

In France, the tobacco-manufacture, in all its branches, has long been one of the principal sources of internal revenue. As early as 1674 the monopoly of the tobacco-trade was sold for six years to Jean Breton for the sum of seven hundred thousand livres, or about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The French cigars are mostly of a superior quality, and are so skilfully shaped and delicately manipulated that none but experienced connoisseurs can detect the difference from genuine Partagas or Vuelto-Abajos, whose superiority is mainly due to their peculiar flavor and uniform combustion.

Immense quantities of cigars and cigarettes are manufactured in Bremen and Hamburg with very inferior or damaged leaves, and are shipped to all parts of the world, to be disposed of at extremely low rates.

Bremen takes the lead in this branch of trade, more than four thousand persons being actively engaged in it, and the yearly exportations from this city alone numbering over three million cigars.

En passant, it may be interesting for the reader to know that seventy-five thousand ordinary-sized cigars can be profitably manufactured out of six hundred pounds of good, unadulterated tobacco. This simple fact shows how very remunerative the business can be made.

Wherever civilization has penetrated, the cigar has made its appearance, and has rapidly come into favor, however much has been said against smoking.

The annual amount spent by the English on tobacco alone—and principally on cigars—has been estimated at not far from fourteen million pounds sterling.

But, in point of consumption, as well as of traffic and manufacture, the United States rank foremost, as far as cigars are concerned.

M. C. LADRETT.

NO HOME.

WHEN the honeysuckles bloom,
And the wrens flutter o'er
Their nest in the vine,
As they have for years before,
My heart flutters o'er
A long-deserted nest,
And cries out for home—
Home and rest.

When wild-roses shed their leaves
O'er the rocks with moss o'ergrown,
And I think of the summers
That over them have flown,
My heart would be a rose,
To scatter, year by year,
Its petals o'er the rock
Changeless and dear.

When the night-winds in the pines
Sing their song of the sea,
And I seem to be rocked
As my mother rocked me,
And dream I am lying
Below the ground-bird's nest,
With the pines above me sighing,
In dreamless rest—

'Tis sweet to know a home
Awaits me, so still,
'Neath shadows of leaves,
On a breeze-haunted hill.
There my father's ashes lie,
There on Mother Earth's breast,
My heart will find a home—
Home and rest.

MARY R. WHITLESLEY.

TABLE-TALK.

THE English nobility, while it has always contained examples of dissipation, foolish pride, and feeble intellects, has also never at any time been wanting in men whose public spirit, ability, generosity, and liberal opinion and conduct, have saved its dignity, and really maintained its popularity and power. The adaptability of the peerage to the times is one of the most striking features of recent English history; and its adaptability, and hence its preservation, has been due to the common-sense and enlightenment of its leading spirits. As time goes on, the old maxims gradually fade out, and the new situation is slowly but finally accepted. A fact, such as the entrance upon a mercantile career of the sons of the Duke of Argyll, which, fifty years ago, would have created a chorus of haughty indignation in Belgravian circles, now passes with but slight comment. There are lords who preside over railway corporations, lords who sit as chairmen of mercantile and artisan associations, lords who patronize trades-unions, and lords who are interested in the proceeds of Indian trade. And now a lord, who for many reasons is one of the most conspicuous as well as one of the youngest members of the Upper House, has busied himself in establishing a fine line of steamers between Wales and the United States. The Marquis of Bute has had a remarkable history. When a stripling he was the subject of a bitter lawsuit, the real end of which was to control his religious education: his mother was a Catholic, his paternal relatives Protestants, and his prospective enormous wealth made him a prize worthy the contention of sects. His conversion to Catholicism under Lady Bute's influence, his accession to the immense income of the family estates, his appearance in fashionable fiction as the hero in "Lothair," his marriage with a daughter of the illustrious house of Howard, and his personal energy and public spirit, have given him unusual importance for one of his age, in the public eye. Happily, he is disposed to use his vast wealth and semiroyal power with discretion and for the general benefit; and in this he presents a most favorable contrast to the Hamiltons and Hastings, the Newcastles and Courtenays of the day. The new steamship line is to be built and fitted out at his expense and under his supervision; and he proposes to make it inferior to none of the present lines. The first steamer has already been launched with much ceremony, and is a splendid specimen of an ocean-craft. Much may be expected of a young nobleman who thus devotes riches, which might be squandered on race-horses and the *demi-monde*, to a great public improvement; while the line, if a successful one, will no doubt largely enhance the already plethoric wealth of the Butes.

— Reforms are most often slow of growth, even in this country of easy changes and eagerly-adopted improvements. The ambition of Boston to enlarge her city limits, and include within them the circle of thriving and picturesque suburbs which extend around her from Dorchester to Chelsea, grows naturally stronger every year, though yet not apparently very near accomplishment. The annexation of Dorchester and Roxbury several years ago has resulted in decided benefits to both parties: real estate has in many cases doubled in value in the annexed districts, while the city has added materially to her wealth and importance. The towns next in line as subjects of annexation are West Roxbury (including the charming suburb of Jamaica Plain), Brookline, and Brighton. These have hitherto held back with more or less persistency, and have proved themselves very coy to the allurements proffered by their big neighbor. The idea of giving up the pleasant and effective simplicity of a town government, of becoming the tail of the urban lion instead of the head of the rural mouse, of losing themselves in a conglomeration of rival communities, and of being invaded by the intrusive bustle of industry and commerce, is not a palatable one to many of the wealthy residents of the picturesque hills and vales of West Roxbury and Brookline. But there is a growing feeling that the change must come: and the prospect of an approaching triumph for the city seems to be determining many of the doubtful in its favor. It is, as always, a battle between the desire for ease and comfort, and the desire to make money. Those suburban residents, who have pleasant residences and plenty of money to support them, prefer the present condition of things; for the present condition of things means low taxes and a preservation of rural luxury, and this class does not care to secure enhanced value to their estates, because they wish, not to sell them, but to use them. Others, who have land which they wish to sell, are earnest for annexation. Boston, however, needs all the outlying suburbs, for she is too crowded, and needs space in which to expand herself. She needs, too, a great suburban park, and the annexation of Brookline would doubtless result in such an improvement. The project of a new park is now being actively pushed, the only obstacle being the difficulty of choosing its site, amid the conflicting claims of the southern and the western suburbs. The favorite site just now appears to be that along the banks of the Charles River, from the Back Bay to the Chestnut-Hill Reservoir. This would include a pretty river-view, natural undulations, plenty of forest foliage, and ample opportunities for avenues, trotting-paths, and base-ball grounds. The main objection to the plan is, that such a park would only be accessible by bridges; but this is not a serious one, for the drive over the "Mill-dam" is the most popular one out of Boston, and this would lead directly to the park.

— It is, as the unfortunate sufferers by the recent great bank-robberies at Baltimore and in this State have excellent reason to know, a very hard matter to find a safe resting-place for money or other easily-portable property. The Irish peasant, distrustful of banks, runs the risk of fire, and hides his hoardings in the thatch of his house or other such recondite corners, and, when the searches for arms were made during the Fenian troubles, *rouleauz* of dirty one-pound notes turned up in all sorts of unsuspected places. A very penurious old Frenchman, who has lately died, probably from similar motives adopted an ingenious expedient, which, however, nearly proved the destruction of his treasures. Without communicating the fact to any one, he placed notes and securities of great value in the stuffing of an old armchair, on which he habitually sat. A few months ago he had a stroke of paralysis, and became quite helpless. Disease made him terribly chilly, and he sat almost into the fire. His wife having left him for a few minutes, his dressing-gown caught fire, communicated to the chair, and, before she returned and the flames could be extinguished, the shock and the flames had killed him. To a neighbor who came to assist her, the poor woman lamented that she feared she should soon be almost destitute, for her husband was dead without giving her the slightest clue to the whereabouts of his resources. As they sat talking on this dismal theme, the neighbor fancied he saw something sticking out of the stuffing of the chair, examined it, and found the packet which had been hid there, and had narrowly escaped destruction, for a great part of the chair was burned. Some twenty-five years ago a very wealthy and eccentric old Englishman, Sir Henry Leslie, adopted a similar course. It was known that he had secreted money all about a large, old-fashioned house, but no one knew where. A careful search under flooring, behind wainscots, etc., brought thousands of pounds to light. Banks seem to be no longer safe from the enterprising burglars of the day, and, if they expect to continue their business with security, must fortify themselves and employ armed men to guard their treasures.

— The Scott statue, just erected in the Central Park, a reproduction of the one by the same artist which adorns the Scott Monument in Edinburgh, naturally revives the suggestion we made once before in these columns in regard to statues to Cooper and Irving in our great pleasure-ground. The Scott statue stands on the green of the Mall, close to and on a line with the Shakespeare statue, the recent erection of which our readers will remember. Near the Scott figure a place is assigned for a statue to Lafayette, which has been proposed, by whom we cannot say. It is the hope of the Park Commissioners to have the Mall in time an avenue of statues. This is excellent in idea, and fortunately it has been

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admirably initiated. Both the Shakespeare and the Scott statues are very beautiful; and, if the series of figures that in time will stretch down under the elms maintains an equal artistic excellence, our Mall will become an out-of-doors gallery that will do us honor. But do not let us remember only the great men of other nations. There is a long list of worthies whose monuments should grace the Park—worthies we are too prone to forget or neglect, but who have reflected credit upon our national genius. Morse has a statue in the Park; it is a poor one; and it is, we believe, the only American so far honored in a place supposed to be distinctively national. Let us have statues to Fulton and the Clintons, to men of local fame and national reputations. But, now that Scott is there, his American peer, Fenimore Cooper, should be among the first to be honored. Cooper's stature was large, his head massive; no sculptor could desire or have a better subject. It would be an excellent thing if some of our patriotic and art-loving citizens would unite—just as was done for the Washington statue in Union Square—and subscribe the amount sufficient for the purpose here indicated.

— It is remarkable, in this age of bold speculation and broad scientific hypotheses, that there is so little boldness and so little breadth in the theories of astronomers. Astronomical science seems to-day at a standstill, if not actually drifting back to the spirit of the Ptolemaic system, which regarded the earth as the centre of the sidereal universe. That system, at the time it was conceived, did more credit to the progress of thought than the present theory that the centre of the solar system is a globe of matter at a temperature some thousands of degrees hotter than any thermometer yet invented on this planet can measure; and that this inconceivable heat is kept up by the impact of revolving bodies that are occasionally sucked into this central furnace. To be sure, there are now and then feeble protests against this barbaric theory, and the late researches of Professor Draper, showing that "heat does not preexist in the sunbeam, but is generated by its impact on the surface on which it falls," point to a time when we may have a less childish explanation of the sun's light and heat. Meanwhile, science should aim to make its hypotheses sufficiently broad and magnificent to excite the mind to discovery; not by its puerilities to stimulate it to a "masterly inactivity." It would be a better working hypothesis, as well as a less material one, to regard the sun's light as resulting from the direct action of the Deity operating through His most magnificent representative in the material universe.

— In these days, when we are making such efforts to open all the colleges in the land for the benefit of women, and when so

much is said about the broad sphere of usefulness for which they are pining, it is somewhat discouraging to take up a modern fashion-magazine and note the dignity of the enterprises in which it would seem they delight. Here is an "embroidered wood box," the construction of which would require time, material, talent, and industry, that might be devoted to a better cause, one would think, considering the shortness of human life, and the useful work there is to be done all around us. Lately we noticed long and elaborate directions for concocting a "knitted, crochet, and knotted starch-bag, with slide!" Comment upon the uselessness and inconvenience of this compared to the old-fashioned tin box is unnecessary. But this bag is only a part of a grand laundry outfit for a young lady. There are full directions for evolving the clothes-line with a sewing-needle, for making an embroidered flat-iron cover, a bluing-bag, an "embroidered clothes-pin apron," and the rest. Now, it cannot be possible that, among the women of this great republic, the demand for such time-wasting puerilities is as great as the supply. If it be, we had better give up opening colleges to women, and devote our energies to the construction of baby-houses for them, wherein these beautiful "knitted, crochet, and knotted starch-bags, with slide," will find their fit destination.

— A celebrity in humble life, likely to be long remembered by the grateful palates of those who were within Paris during the siege, died a fortnight ago, in that capital. This was M. Baron, chief cook of the California Restaurant. However desponding the commanders of other batteries might be, the chief officer of the California Batterie de Cuisine never gave way. In the darkest hour he was ready with some novel and appetizing expedient, and his restaurant kept open doors throughout the entire siege. Of his hundred dishes which Necessity, the fertile mother of culinary invention, brought to light, "La Polenta, à la Bismarck," made of Turkish maize and served with white sauce, was the most famous; and for many weeks was the *pièce de résistance, par excellence*. After all, such geniuses as Baron rob a siege of half its horrors. Imagine, for example, how tenfold more terrible Paris would have been during those months had its hapless inhabitants been dependent for culinary resources on the cooks of American restaurants!

— It is singular that the advocates of women's rights should have overlooked the example of Bantam, in the island of Java. This little kingdom is about the size of Connecticut, with nearly the same number of inhabitants. Its sovereign is a man, but it is said, by some of the English newspapers, that all the rest of the government belongs to the gentler sex. The king is entirely dependent upon his state council, composed of three women. The highest au-

thorities, all state officers, court functionaries, military commanders, and soldiers, are, without exception, of the female sex. The men are agriculturists and merchants. Now, here is a chance for the lady-lecturer to overthrow the arguments of those enemies to woman's progress who continually prate of family duties and woman's place in Nature. We advise her, though, to make sure of her facts in the first place, for we suspect that this Amazonian account of Bantam is one of the fictions about Java that were current a century or two ago, but have been exploded by modern research, like the terrible romance of the upas-tree.

— A proceeding, which seems strangely out of harmony with republican institutions, is reported from Zurich. A paper called the *Volksblatt*, of Winterthour, having been proceeded against for libel, the managing editor undertook to bear the entire responsibility of the obnoxious article. This, however, did not at all meet the views of the judge. He put the editor on the stand as a witness, and, by dint of threatening and bullying, succeeded in extracting the name of the writer. It will be remembered that recently, under similar circumstances here, the managing editor of the *New-York Times* refused to give names of writers.

Scientific Notes.

M. VIBRAYE, a member of the Paris Academy, lately delivered to that body an interesting and suggestive address relating to the spontaneous appearance of exotic forage-plants in France after the late war. In this communication the writer states, as the result of a careful botanical survey of the regions occupied by the opposing armies, that there has been introduced into these districts, through the medium of army-forage or fodder, one hundred and forty new and distinct species of meadow-plants, chiefly Algerian. Several of these, having braved the cold of an exceptionally severe winter, have since been largely propagated and flourish vigorously, forming extensive meadows, and changing soil that was formerly arid, producing no vegetation save a few poor and stunted herbs, into veritable oases. So hardy were some of these new-comers that they withstood successfully the disastrous frost of the 12th of May, which did much damage to the vines and the shoots of certain indigenous trees. Referring to this hardiness and tenacity of life, the writer gives the following interesting illustration, with conclusions of equal value to science and agriculture: "On the 3d of May a new fact presented itself. During the war a forage-depot had stood at the side of the market-place of Cour Cheverny, but last year no appearance of any new plant had been discovered there, notwithstanding careful search. On the 3d of May, however, some twelve species of foreign forage-plants made their appearance, and others were expected. This shows that the seeds had remained in the soil for sixteen months without alteration of their germinating properties. This is an interesting fact, and a corollary of a law of rotation, observed in all natural meadows, viz., the temporary disappearance of dominant species,

yielding, for an indeterminate period, to new types, which they, by-and-by, come to displace where they meet with certain favoring atmospheric influences not very fully understood." If the rude accidents of war were sufficient to effect ends so important to the material welfare of the state, of how much greater value would be these results when to the labors of Nature there are added the discrimination and skill of human intelligence and foresight! This idea of increasing the vegetable products of our own country, by the transportation and propagation of foreign species, though by no means a new one, has recently received fresh impetus, owing to the efforts of a company of prominent medical and scientific men. These gentlemen, it is stated, have made proposals to Congress to set apart a suitable portion of the public domain for the purpose of cultivating and growing the cinchona-tree, from which the useful and almost indispensable article of quinine is produced. The region regarded with the most favor is the Sierra Nevada range of mountains in California. As these trees flourish above the snow-line of the Andes, it is thought that they might be successfully introduced in the Sierras, where both the soil and climate closely resemble that of the Andes. Should the plan meet with favor and success, it is probable that Eastern capital will be soon largely represented there. The present price of quinine and sulphate of quinine is three dollars an ounce, and the demand constant; the latter chiefly in those newly-opened districts of the West along the lines of the grand Pacific Railway and their branches.

The recent contradictory reports of two Italian scientists regarding the true source and formation of ozone will, doubtless, interest our readers, since they serve to prove how the most conscientious seekers after truth may be misled in their conclusion regarding the simplest natural phenomena. From a contemporary we learn that an Italian professor has made researches which lead him to assert that vegetable perfumes exercise a healthful influence on the atmosphere, converting the oxygen into ozone, and thus increasing its oxidizing influence. The essences that develop the largest quantity of ozone are those of cherry, laurel, cloves, lavender, mint, juniper, lemon, fennel, and bergamot. The flavors of narcissus, hyacinth, mignonette, heliotrope, and lily-of-the-valley, develop ozone in closed vessels. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it; and those with but slight perfume develop it but in small quantities. As a corollary from these facts, the professor recommends the use of flowers in marshy districts and in places infested with animal emanations, as the powerful oxidizing influence of ozone may destroy them. The inhabitants of such regions should surround their houses with beds of the most fragrant flowers. As the course of experiment by which the professor arrived at his conclusions is not given, it is impossible to judge whether or not the data are sufficient to justify them. It is certain, however, that naught but good can come of giving the theory a fair trial in the way suggested by its author. As opposed to this very generally-accepted notion, that ozone is formed in some subtle manner by plants, C. Bolucci, in a communication to the *Gazetta Chemica Italiana*, asserts, and with apparent reason, that the ozone supposed to be evolved from the leaves of plants is due to other causes. The experiments on which this writer founds his opinions are based mainly on the well-known affinity of ozone for iodide of potassium, free

iodine and the consequent blue coloration of the solution on test-paper being the result of the union. Two test-tubes, each containing slips of iodized paper, were so placed that one only would be exposed to the light of the sun. Through these tubes the gaseous product from certain plants was made to pass, when it was observed that only in the exposed vessel was the paper changed in color, thus indicating, though not fully proving, that the ozone was not evolved from the plants, but that its existence was traceable to the influence of the solar rays upon the oxygen and moisture contained in the tube. A second test, differing somewhat in character from the first, was made as follows: Into a Wolfe's bottle, containing a solution of iodide of potassium, in carbonic-acid water, there were placed several varieties of green sprigs and leaves. When these were placed in the light, no change in the color of the liquid took place, proving that the green parts of these plants do not evolve ozone, even under the sun's rays. That there is, however, yet room for further research is evident, since no actual test seems to have been made with the flowers alone, the delicate organs of which may prove to be the more active agents in the production of ozone, as they are of the more delicate odors and tints.

In an instructive paper on Instinct, read before the British Association, its author, D. A. Spalding, gives a detailed account of numerous personal observations and experiments, which were mainly conducted with a view to answering the question, "Do the animals exhibit untaught skill and innate knowledge, or may not the supposed examples of instinct be, after all, but the results of rapid learning and imitation?" From the results of repeated experiments with young chickens, the writer decides wholly in favor of the instinctive nature of their perceptions. Chickens kept in a state of blindness by various devices from one to three days, when placed in the light under a set of carefully-prepared conditions, gave conclusive evidence against the theory that the perception of distance and direction by the eye and ear, the securing of food, or the avoidance of danger, are the results solely of associations formed in the experience of each individual life. In support of this opinion, numerous instances are cited, among them that of a chicken, which, at the end of six minutes, after having its eyes unveiled, followed with its head the movements of a fly twelve inches distant; at ten minutes the fly, coming within reach of its neck, was seized and swallowed at the first stroke; at the end of twenty minutes it was placed alone on rough ground, but within sight and call of a hen with a brood of chickens. After standing and chirping for about a minute, it went straight toward the hen, displaying as keen a perception of the outer world as it was ever likely to possess in after-life. That the sense of hearing is also an instinctive faculty, and not dependent upon education and experience for its development, was proved in the following ingenious manner: Several chickens, that from the first had been denied the use of their eyes by having hoods drawn over their heads *while yet in the shell*, were then removed to a distance of five or six feet from their mother, yet, in answer to her call, and guided only by the sound, they succeeded in finding their way to her side. That the young of animals possess an instinctive knowledge of the presence of their enemies was illustrated in the acts of a young turkey but ten days old. Having heard the voice of a hawk for the first time, it darted off in the opposite direction and hid itself in a corner, where

it remained for ten minutes, motionless and dumb with fear. After recording many other observations, showing that the young of other domestic fowls display great dexterity and skill in the capture of insects, the writer adds: "Still further confirmation of the opinion that such wonderful examples of dexterity and cunning are instinctive, and not acquired, may be adduced from the significant fact that the individuals of each species have little capacity to learn any thing not found in the habits of their progenitors, a chicken was made the sole companion of a young turkey for several months, yet it never acquired the admirable art of catching flies that it saw practised before its eyes every day." Upon this concluding observation, the writer briefly defines instinct in the present generation of animals as "the product of the accumulated experiences of past generations."

The frequency and violence of earthquake-shocks and volcanic eruptions, that have been so marked a feature of the last decade, have attracted to this field of research many of the most eminent and trustworthy of modern scientists. As is so often the case when men of learning and distinguished ability are engaged in similar lines of investigation, the result has been an array of peculiar and ingenious theories, some new, others old, yet all startling, and each having certain claims to general acceptance. From the stupendous character of these phenomena, and the consequent impossibility of reproducing them under similar conditions by any known physical or chemical agencies, it only remains for the public to accept those views as sound which, while serving to answer the greatest number of valid objections, at the same time keep as nearly as possible within the range of known natural laws. Of this order appears to be the view lately advanced by Mr. Mallet. The theory, as briefly stated by one of its advocates, is as follows: It is recognized by physicists that our earth is gradually parting with its heat; as it cools, it contracts. Now, if this process of contraction took place uniformly, no subterranean action would result. But, if the interior contracts more quickly than the crust, the latter must in some way or other force its way down to the retreating nucleus. Mr. Mallet shows that the hotter internal portion must contract faster than the relatively cool crust; and then he shows that the shrinkage of the crust is competent to occasion all the known phenomena of volcanic action. "As the solid crust closes in upon the shrinking nucleus, the work expended in crushing down and dislocating the parts of the crust is transformed into heat, by which, at the places where the process goes on with the greatest energy, the material of the rock is crushed and of that adjacent to it are heated even to fusion, the access of water to such points determining volcanic action." Anticipating the objection that it is impossible that so great a heat could be generated by mere pressure, Mr. Mallet has given much space to the demonstration of this truth. Having weighed and measured the forces of which he speaks, he is enabled to tell how much of this mechanical force will be converted into heat, and also how much of heat is necessary for the production of observed volcanic phenomena. It is not the least important feature of this theory that by it we are enabled to account for the *irregularities* of level upon the earth's surface, since there was a period when, as the crust shrank, it formed corrugations, or overlapping, of the cooler portions above.

The explosion at the Tradeston Flour Mills, near Glasgow, has been made the sub-

ject of special scientific inquiry, the investigation being conducted by Professor Rankine and Dr. Macadam, at the request of the officers of certain fire-insurance companies. In their report, these gentlemen give as the primary cause of the explosion the accidental stoppage of the feed of a pair of stones, which led to their becoming heated and striking fire. The disastrous effects from this apparently trivial cause are, however, due to the fact that these sparks served to ignite the finely-divided particles of dust diffused through the exhaust pipes and box. So rapid was the combustion of these particles, and so sudden the increase of pressure from the expansion of the gases evolved, that the exhaust-box was burst open, and the whole mill filled with the combustible dust; the immediate ignition of which caused a second explosion so violent as to entirely demolish the structure. In order to ascertain, if possible, the actual explosive power of this dust-impregnated atmosphere, several direct experiments were made. As the result of these, it was found that, when a mixture in the most favorable theoretical proportions was fired in a confined space, the resultant pressure equalled one hundred and twenty pounds to the square inch. The readiness with which matter, when finally divided, may be ignited and consumed, can be easily demonstrated by gently sifting over the flame of an alcohol lamp or Bunsen burner iron filings or other metallic dust, which will at once ignite, giving brilliancy and a characteristic tint to the otherwise colorless flame. A second experiment, to illustrate the same fact, is to collect the iron filings upon the poles of an ordinary horseshoe magnet, where the particles will arrange themselves in accordance with the laws of magnetic attraction. When the blackened ends of the magnet are brought in contact with the flame, the dust-particles, though composed of a stubborn metal, will ignite and burn as readily as the driest tinder.

In a communication on "American Preparations for the Forthcoming Transit of Venus," the editor of *Nature* takes occasion to congratulate our countrymen on the zeal and liberality with which they devote both time and money to scientific objects of apparently remote utilitarian interest. "The Americans," he writes, "seem to think it their interest and duty, as it is their inclination, to give substantial encouragement to scientific research and the spread of scientific culture and knowledge." From the unfavorable comparison drawn between the action of the English Parliament and that of Congress, it would appear that the friends of science in England have not yet forgiven the insult offered by Commissioner Aryton to Dr. Hooker, the history of which has already been given to our readers. In spite of the zeal and generosity displayed by our people, and so highly commended by our neighbors across the sea, there is one department of instructive science, however, which has not as yet received the attention which it so richly deserves. We refer to the erection and maintenance of marine and fresh-water aquaria. By the aid of these miniature seas, the people, as well as their professors, may be entertained and instructed as in few other ways. New York, situated as it is on an island, the waters surrounding which abound in every form of animal and vegetable life, should certainly number among its attractive wonders an aquarium rivalling in extent and completeness those at Brighton, Paris, Berlin, and Naples. Surely so worthy an object should readily command the indorsement and support of our citizens.

The attention of chemists has lately been directed to a new organic pigment, obtained from the red, warty spot located above the eye of the English moor-cock. Dr. Wurm, who first succeeded in isolating a small quantity of this coloring-matter by the aid of chloroform, forwarded the solution to Dr. J. von Liebig, obtaining from him a report regarding its chemical constitution and properties. It appears that this substance is soluble in chloroform and ether, but is not dissolved by the caustic alkalies, and that it has nothing in common with the coloring-matter of the blood. The original discovery of this interesting and possibly-valuable substance may be credited to the careful observer who noted the fact that this red color could be transferred to a white handkerchief by simply rubbing the surface of the wart. It remains to be determined whether the "combs" of any of our domesticated fowls owe their color to the presence of a similar pigment, in which case the results of this discovery may prove of practical as well as scientific value. From the source from which it was first obtained, the new pigment is named *Tetraenylthion*—mountain-cock red.

In the course of his recent submarine explorations, Professor Agassiz adopted the following plan for determining the depth to which the solar rays penetrate the sea: A sensitive photographic plate was enclosed in a box having a revolving lid. This box was sunk to the required depth, and the lid withdrawn. At the end of forty minutes it was drawn up, the plate removed, and developed in the ordinary way. From these observations it was evident that the chemical or actinic rays penetrate to a much greater depth than was supposed possible.

During the absence of Professor Tyndall from England, we learn that his workshop—the laboratory of the Royal Institute—is to be rebuilt, and considerably enlarged.

Miscellany.

Shoeing a Mule.

THE *New-York Herald's* correspondent, with Andrew Johnson and the other congressional candidates in Tennessee, writes:

"If there had been any sanguinary ill-feeling among those who came to attend the meeting, a scene that took place before its assembling must have routed it completely. That scene will last, in the memory of those who saw it, as long as life remains. It occurred on the verge of the town, and came near spoiling all interest in our own circus. Six negroes, on the common road, opposite a blacksmith's shop, for over an hour were trying to persuade a young, tall, robust country mule to allow himself to be shod. They put a rope collar round his neck, and to that attached a line which, thrown out between his hind-legs, was intended to trip up each in turn, and hold it in position while the blacksmith—Sam by name—operated on the hoof. For over an hour this extraordinary mule fought the six men, kicking away the trap laid for his enslavement as easily as he might a cobweb, and describing, high up in the air, forked-lightning diagrams with his heels—a sight fearful to behold. Panting, yet patient, their hats kicked off their heads, their shins bruised, and their pants torn, the six gallant darkeys stuck to that supernatural mule until finally they secured his right hind-leg, and had his hoof laid on Sam the blacksmith's lap, ready for the

sacrifice. By this time all the surrounding points of vantage were occupied by spectators, wrought up to the most intense pitch of excitement—Johnson men cheering on the mule, Maynard men cheering on the darkeys. Sam the blacksmith was a tall, well-built fellow. He had his back to the mule's head, and was in a stooping position over the hoof. In front of him, about six feet from the mule's tail (a perilous distance), was a circle of about twenty darkeys, awaiting the operation of putting the shoe on, with the most solemn interest. Never did mule draw such pious reverence from a like audience.

"I'd ha' let him be," said one; "dar's no use a-fussin' with such a good-for-nuffin' mule as dat."

"'Fo' Gad!" exclaimed another, in a low and cautious tone, "I do b'lieve in my so'd ole debbel hisself is in dat dar mule."

"'Wot you speaks alike dat fo'?" said a third, turning on the previous speaker. "Dat mule hears every tin' you say, and tinks it insultin'. Don't know wedder de debbel is in him, but I do consequently b'lieve dar's a heap o' kick in his hind-legs still. Guess whove gets him will tink so too. I wants my head insured when I'se axed to nurse him."

"In the mean time, Sam had his implements ready, and an assistant farrier approached and laid the shoe tenderly upon the virgin hoof. A nail was inserted, while Sam elevated his hammer to deliver the pregnant blow that was to drive it safely home. It was a moment of breathless and agonizing suspense with whites and blacks alike. The latter anticipated a triumph for their race; the former prepared to keep their sides from splitting asunder. Sam's legs shook, but he brought down the hammer with all his might; and at the same moment an explosion occurred that fairly baffles description. A trip-hammer falling on a ton-weight of nitro-glycerine, imurred in a tin box, could hardly have produced any more sudden and bewildering results. Quicker than thought the mule drew his hind-leg forward, and, springing it back with incredible force, struck the still stooping Sam square in the bulbous centre of his hind-section, projecting him forward in the air like a cannon-ball from a catapult. As Sam disappeared in space, he knocked all the darkeys down in front of him like ninepins, scattering them over the road in all directions, and landing himself on top of a snake-fence twenty feet away. The roar that went up from the assembled multitude might have been heard in the next county. The mule grew alarmed, took to his heels, and, amid the cheers of the Johnson party, crossed the country for home and freedom. Poor Sam had no shape to him when he came to, and it will be many a long day before the terminus of his spinal column forgets that visitation of mule-power."

Froude interviewed.

Mr. Froude, the English historian, was, of course, "interviewed" by a newspaper reporter, as soon as he arrived in this city. We quote the beginning and the end of the report, giving Mr. Froude's opinion of America after three days' observation:

"Come in," a clear, ringing voice said, as the reporter knocked at the door. The reporter entered. He found himself in one of the pleasantest rooms of the Brevoort House. The window was open, and the fresh, bracing air was streaming in. In an arm-chair sat a man who was evidently enjoying his comfort. He was smoking a delicious cigar. He rose, and, with a bright smile, took the reporter's hand. He was Froude. The celebrated his-

torian is a tall, well-built man, with an exceedingly good-natured, pleasant face; a mouth that seems ever to smile; fine brown eyes, large and bright and thoughtful; high forehead; and grayish whiskers, à la Dundreary. It is an English face, and unusually pleasant. When Froude becomes animated, his eyes sparkle, his large mouth is drawn into a winning smile—the whole face fairly beams with good-nature. In his dress Mr. Froude displayed the utmost simplicity. He wore a suit of gray, very much like a Scotch plaid. In his manner the historian is unaffected and modest.

Mr. Froude (after having, in a courteous tone, invited the reporter to be seated): "Does my cigar annoy you, sir?"

Reporter: "Oh, no! I don't mind it in the least."

Mr. Froude: "Perhaps the window annoys—perhaps you would prefer to have it shut?"

Reporter: "No, thanks; I like it as it is. Pray, how do you like this country?"

Mr. Froude (speaking in pure though very broad English): "I find it very pleasant, I assure you. Dear me! this is the most polite, the most civil, people in the world, I do declare! I have seen nothing like it."

Reporter: "In what respect do you think Americans are so polite?"

Mr. Froude (his genial smile lighting up his naturally cheerful face): "Dear me! everybody treats you with so much kindness, so much consideration! It's actually lying on a bed of roses."

He puffed his cigar.

Reporter: "And what do you think of New York?"

Mr. Froude: "It's charming. What struck me first—something that looked to me different from any European city I have ever visited—was the absence of all dirt, of all poverty. I was in the poorer streets yesterday, near the river, and expected to see scenes similar to those in many parts of London. But even poverty looks decent. It seems to me as if misery keeps up a respectable appearance before the world in this free country."

Reporter: "What do you think of the American ladies?"

Mr. Froude: "They are very well educated and very pretty. I think they look very much like the English ladies; I can see scarcely any difference."

Reporter: "How do you like American cooking?"

Mr. Froude: "I find that this is an admirably-managed hotel—constructed just like a nice English hotel. The simplest and the most elaborate dishes are well served. I heard that you had a great deal of trouble with your servants in this country. I can assure you it would be impossible, all the world over, to find servants who are more polite, more attentive, quicker, and more skillful, than those in this hotel. If this is a specimen of the American hotels, then they are admirable."

Reporter (rising to leave): "I am glad your first impressions of the country are so favorable."

Mr. Froude: "Oh, yes! I'll tell you what struck me yesterday very favorably. I thought I was in a military city. Twenty thousand men in arms! New York must have a powerful army. I afterward learned that it was but the ordinary parade. First I thought I had got into an encamped city."

Reporter: "I am obliged to you, Mr. Froude."

Mr. Froude (grasping his hand, warmly): "Good-morning."

The New Steamship *Celtic*.

The new steamship *Celtic*, the latest addition to the large fleet of the White Star Line of Atlantic clippers, arrived at this port, on her first voyage, early in November. This is the sixth vessel of the same class which has been built for the company, and in beauty of model, gracefulness of proportions, great strength of workmanship, and elegance of finish, the *Celtic* is without a superior. The dimensions of this monstrous craft are as follows: Length over all, four hundred and fifty feet; breadth of beam, forty-one feet; depth of hold, thirty-one feet; draught of water at load-line, twenty-four feet; has three decks, and of two thousand five hundred tons, registered measurement; but her cargo-carrying capacity is equal to three thousand six hundred and thirty-five tons at the above draught. Like all her sister vessels, the *Celtic* is constructed of iron in every part, and the hull is divided into seven water-tight compartments, so as to insure her safety in case of any mishap occurring to the lower plates.

The machinery of this steamship is of the most powerful nature, the engines being of the direct acting inverted compound description, having four cylinders, forty-two and seventy-eight inches in diameter, with a stroke of piston of five feet. A number of smaller engines, for weighing anchors, assisting in loading and unloading cargo, working the fire-engines, etc., are in various parts of the vessel. Steam is furnished from twelve boilers, and the space occupied by the heavy machinery is ninety-four feet long.

The passenger accommodations of the *Celtic* are of the first order. The saloon, fifty-four feet in length and thirty-nine feet wide, is elegantly furnished. The panels are covered with a beautiful enamel-like paper; and the art of the decorator, carver, and upholsterer, has each contributed to make up a neat, gorgeous interior. At the tables, which run parallel with the length of the vessel, one hundred and forty passengers can be accommodated at one time. In this apartment are pianos, writing-tables, and a library; and then there are mantelpieces, open fireplaces, and mirrors in profusion, the whole imparting a pleasant appearance. The vessel is lighted with gas, and this interesting achievement, in connection with ocean-steamer, is such a success that it will probably be adopted hereafter in all vessels of the principal lines. The state-rooms, which will accommodate one hundred and forty-nine persons, are finely furnished and of large size. These are heated with steam; and, besides the general completeness of the appliances observed, there are electric bells, by which the passenger, by simply pressing a button, can summon a waiter at all times. This arrangement extends over the entire ship, and is a great convenience. In the portions of the *Celtic* set apart for steerage-passengers, there are accommodations of a superior character for about nine hundred persons. The ventilation everywhere on board is as perfect as can be attained. The hull of the *Celtic* was built by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Belfast, Ireland, and her machinery was constructed by the Vauxhall Works, Liverpool. Captain Digby Murray is the captain.

How Rossini composed.

A curious and amusing letter of Rossini's has recently been published which was written in reply to a young artist who consulted him as to the best manner of composing an overture. Rossini wrote: "Wait till the evening before the first performance, for nothing excites inspiration like necessity—the presence

of a copyist waiting for your work, and the view of a manager in despair tearing out his hair by handfuls. In Italy, in my time, all the managers were bald at thirty."

"I composed the overture to 'Othello' in a small room in the Barbaja Palace, where the baldest and most ferocious of managers had shut me up by force, with nothing but a dish of macaroni and the threat that I should not leave the place alive till I had written the last note."

"I wrote the overture to 'Gazza Ladra' on the day of the first performance, in the upper loft of the La Scala, where I had been confined by the manager under the guard of four scene-shifters, who had orders to throw my text out of the window bit by bit to copyists who were waiting below to transcribe it. In default of music, I was to be thrown out myself. For 'Barbiere' I did better. I composed no overture, but tacked on one intended for a very新颖 work called 'Elisabetta.' The public were delighted."

"I composed the overture to 'Count Ory' while angling with my feet in the water, and when in the company of M. Agundo, who was talking Spanish finance all the time. That of 'Guillaume Tell' was written under somewhat similar circumstances."

"I did not compose any overture for 'Monsieur,'" etc.

Prison Discipline.

The question of the expediency of doing away with the flogging of prisoners has recently been discussed by most of the English journals, and, strange to say, many even of the most liberal cling tenaciously to the system of punishing by the cat. It is argued that brutal offenders against the laws fear the lash far more than the prison-bars, and that it is silly sentimental to proclaim against its application. If corporal punishment is really indispensable in humanizing criminals, we would indorse the novel substitute of punishment by galvanism instead of by the cat, proposed by a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who, though believing in the infliction of pain upon garroters, thieves, and wife-beaters, would have the means employed more in accordance with the progress of the age. He argues that the use of galvanic torture would spare the sensitive public the harrowing details now paraded in the newspapers, and prevent the brutalizing of wardens or officials in fulfilling their duties; and, also, that punishment could be exactly proportioned to the strength or guilt of the criminal without the injurious effects of flogging. He says: "Every one knows that a galvanic current of any force can be passed through the human frame from a degree which is hardly perceptible to one which resembles the breaking of the bones, or the sensation, according to the mode of application, may be a gentle tickling, or one nearly simulating the touch of hot iron. But this is only a part of its merits. It is absolutely harmless, nay, positively beneficial in many cases. Further, it can be used and applied exactly in the required degree, and the moment that it is judged that the criminal has suffered enough, he can be liberated from all trace of pain that instant."

There may be some value in this idea of "shocking" offenders into good behavior.

The Restoration of Paris.

In a recent long article, the *Debats* alludes to its sagacity in stating, soon after the devastations of the Communists, that tourists bent on seeing a city of ruins, need not be in any particular hurry about coming to Paris, inasmuch as the restorative process will be by no

means very rapid. The Tuilleries is, with the exception of the removal of the rubbish, just as it was two years ago; the palace of the Minister of Finance is a ruin, and so are numerous other once-grand edifices. On the other hand, the Palace of the Legion of Honor is completely restored, and the Garden of Acclimatization has reopened its gates to the public. Meanwhile, M. Thiers, accompanied by the Prefect of the Seine, has been making a minute inspection of the Palais de Justice and other public buildings wrecked by the Communists. The famous old president, standing amid the ruins of what was two years ago the proudest municipal palace in Christendom, would be a picture which, half a century hence, would attract many a group in the Louvre. It is stated that a requisition will be made to the Assembly forthwith for a sum to enable the Government to proceed with the repairs of the Tuilleries. Issy, Clamart, Fontenoy, and Roses Châtillon, and other suburbs, recover very slowly. All things considered, surely wonderful progress in rehabilitation has been made.

Foreign Items.

A WOMAN calling herself Maria Shaw, who said she had for a time been the wife of the Mayor of Sioux City, Iowa, has been arrested in Marseilles, France, on a charge of having sold large amounts of spurious United States bonds. In her possession were found nearly twenty thousand dollars in gold. She claimed the protection of the American consul, but he refused to do anything for her. In her petition to him she stated that she was of colored descent, and had once been the slave of a hotel-keeper at Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

There is something amazing about the ignorance of European newspapers in regard to American affairs. The Madrid *España* says that the most envenomed adversary of Horace Greeley is Senator Stephen A. Douglas, who, being a man of color, was relied upon by the republicans to make the members of his race vote for Greeley.

Boltz, the cruel manager of the house of detention at Butzow, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who, in the course of twenty-five years, caused two hundred thousand lashes to be administered to the unfortunate prisoners in his power, died recently a raving maniac at the lunatic asylum in Bonn, in Rhenish Prussia.

Anthony Trollope has compromised his long lawsuit with Mr. Tauchnitz, the Leipzig publisher, by accepting from him the sum of three thousand pounds sterling. On his subsequent writings he is to receive from Mr. Tauchnitz a copyright of three per cent.

There are now in Europe seven papers published exclusively for Americans, to which will soon be added another. It is the *American Union*, which will be issued in Paris on the first of December next. It will be a semi-monthly paper.

Berthold Auerbach has been so intensely mortified by the ridiculous part which he was made to play at the trial of Mr. Sitgreaves, alias George Bancroft, at Coblenz, that he has resolved to remove from Berlin to Hamburg.

Henri Rochefort has written to Alphonse Karr, in Paris, that his treatment in prison is cruel in the extreme, and that he is maltreated by his keepers, who, to a man, are Bonapartists.

A Viennese banker, named Satting, was re-

cently convicted in that city of having defrauded the city treasury in a contract of the sum of twenty-two thousand florins, and was, in consequence, sent to prison for nine years.

The Paris *Revue Critique* says that the Voltaire letters recently published by a Russian nobleman are undoubtedly spurious, and it ridicules Jules Janin for having pronounced them genuine.

Poland has now only nine papers published in the language of the country. Among them are two dailies, which are not allowed to publish any thing but news from Russian journals. They are not at liberty to publish editorials.

M. Katkoff, the editor of the *Moscow Gazette*, has made an independent fortune in the last ten years by issuing his paper, which has now a circulation of over fifty thousand copies.

The Paris *Figaro* says that the Emperor of Germany is an inordinate coffee-drinker, and that at times he consumes large quantities of morphine.

It will interest American readers to learn that the Emperor Alexander of Russia has recently appointed his son, the Grand-duc Alexis, a major-general in his army.

Prince Bismarck is a member of one hundred and forty-one German societies in nearly all parts of the world. Among them are forty-six American societies.

The *Vossische Zeitung* says that General Sherman declined a very valuable present which the Emperor William offered him during his recent sojourn in Prussia.

During the first six months of the present year, sixty-one Americans declared their intention of becoming citizens of the German Empire.

Emile de Girardin gave Edmond About a check for ten thousand francs for a detailed account of his recent imprisonment at Strasburg.

The city council of Munich has driven all Italian organ-grinders from that place by threatening them with severe corporal punishment in case they should be arrested there.

An American paper having asserted that Miss Tennie C. Clafin was politically dead, the Vienna *Tageblatt* publishes a long obituary of the lady.

A poor king must be his Dutch majesty, William II. They say that his individual notes can be purchased at Amsterdam for one-half their value.

The late King of Sweden was a great admirer of the novels of James Fenimore Cooper, and among his papers was found an unfinished translation of the "Last of the Mohicans."

Rosa Bonheur is coming to America. She wants to paint buffaloes, and will reside during her sojourn in this country principally at the city of Omaha, Nebraska.

The authorities of Brunswick have prohibited the exhibition of a panorama of the life and adventures of James Fisk.

Babinet, the French mathematician, who died recently in Paris, it is generally believed was insane since 1866.

During the reign of Queen Isabella of Spain, on an average three hundred persons were annually garroted in that country.

King Amadeus has tried to conciliate his Spanish subjects by shaving off his fine beard. This is said not to have added to his personal charms.

Several lineal descendants of Rubens, the illustrious painter, live in very humble circumstances at Malines, in Belgium.

Varieties.

M. R. CHARLES MATHEWS, who is now in London, has written an amusing letter, in which he "presents his compliments to the whole human race, and begs to state that, much as he loves his fellow-creatures, he finds it impossible to provide for the necessities of even the small population of London alone. The enormous number of applications for assistance he daily receives, chiefly from total strangers, makes it necessary for him to apologize for not entirely supporting the applicants and their families; and it is with shame he is obliged to confess himself unable to accomplish so desirable an object."

Oxen have proved a failure in New York. The *Evening Post* says: "They are altogether too slow in their movements, and many merchants who had sent into the country for teams have countermanded their orders. The oxen probably will not complain or feel hurt at the slight put upon them."

A new danger threatens society. An eminent French chemist announces that many of the new evening silks are covered with picrate of lead, and are therefore liable to a tremendous explosion at any moment. It would be a terrible thing, while waltzing with a lady, to have her suddenly blow up.

The barbarous custom of piercing ladies' ears for ear-rings is rapidly being abolished. Several very ingenious arrangements for fastening in these articles of jewelry without the usual surgical operation are now sold at jewelry-shops, and are quite extensively worn.

One of the Paris theatres has been taken on a three-years' lease for a novel form of entertainment. Every Sunday morning authors will be permitted to read unedited poems or dramas, and composers to play unpublished music.

Florence promises to be unusually gay and crowded next winter. The price of board has advanced, and lodging is somewhat difficult to obtain in the fashionable portion of the city. The American colony there has greatly increased the last two years.

Rome has a new daily paper published in the English language. It is called the *Daily News*, and is conducted by an American, Mr. Daniels, brother of a former minister resident of the United States at Turin.

A country clergyman says he once took a journey of fifty miles to attend a funeral, and did not receive so much as a thank'ee for his services. No class suffers more from thoughtlessness than ministers.

A memorial cross has been erected in the grounds of Sir Percy Shelley, son of the poet, at Boscombe Place, Sussex County, England, to mark the intended burial-ground of the family.

Asks the Rev. William J. Potter, "Is it not more honorable to have raised ourselves from the apes than, according to the popular view, to have fallen from the angels?"

"I wish you would pay a little attention to what I am saying, sir," roared an irate lawyer at an exasperating witness. "Well, I am paying as little as I can," was the calm reply.

Paterfamilias, living in the suburbs, says that, no matter what the weather is, he always goes home bundled up.

Petroleum-oil has been discovered near Sydney, Australia.

An opal-mountain has been discovered in New South Wales.

CITY CHARACTERS.



"WATER-SHARKS."



THE STREET-MUSICIAN.

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